

Southern Folklore Quarterly

VOLUME IV

DECEMBER, 1940

NUMBER 4

MORE SONGS FROM INDIANA

by Paul G. Brewster

The following songs are part of a collection made by the writer, chiefly in the southern part of the state, between 1934 and 1937.

I

THE INDIAN'S PRAYER

Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Connerville, Indiana. Learned from her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Warrick County, Indiana.

- 1 Let me go to my home in the far distant West
Where in childhood I wandered in innocence blest,
Where the tall cedars wave and the bright waters flow;
To my home in the woods let me go, let me go.¹
- 2 Oh let me go where the cataract plays,
Where in joy I have wandered in boyhood's bright days,
And to greet my poor mother, whose heart would o'erflow
At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go.
- 3 Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scarred side
I have sported so oft in the morn of my pride
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
To my father the chief let me go, let me go.
- 4 Oh let me go to that flashing-eyed maid
Who taught me to love 'neath the green willow's shade,
Whose heart like the fawn leaps as pure as the snow;
To the bosom I love let me go, let me go.
- 5 Then oh let me go to my wild forest home,
No more from its earth-cheering pleasures to roam;
'Neath the grove in the glen let my ashes lie low;
To my wild forest home let me go, let me go.

¹ The last line of each stanza is to be repeated as a refrain.

II

THE ELOPEMENT

Contributed by Mrs. Jennie L. Wade, of Mount Vernon, Posey County, Indiana, who writes (1935): "It is about fifty years since I first heard it sung."

- 1 They locked me in an upper room
And threw away the key
Because I would not wed a man
Who never suited me.
They did not know the female heart,
Or they had plainly seen
That locks and bolts could never keep
A girl of seventeen.
- 2 The night was dark, the window raised,
The time had come to go;
My charms had been so highly praised,
And Charley teased me so.
A railroad station being near,
A carriage waiting by,
What could I do in such a case?
What could I do but fly?
- 3 I resolved, therefore, I would not stay
To be imposed upon;
So while they thought I was secure,
I was going, going, GONE!

III

THEY SAY IT'S OUT IN KANSAS

Contributed by Miss Larue Smith, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana.
Obtained from Mrs. James McGregor, of the same city.

- 1 They say it's out in Kansas
Not many miles away
Where the colored folks are flockin'
For they get much better pay.
- 2 I don't know how I'll go there,
But I'm a-gwine to try;
And when the sun goes down tonight,
I'm a-gwine to say goodbye.
- 3 I've sold my patch of cotton
And my little patch of corn
That good old massa gave to me
When the Yankee troops came down.

- 4 Dinah says she don't want to go
For the climate am so cold;
She's afraid we'll freeze to death,
For we're both a-gettin' old.
- 5 I don't 'low I'll get there
But Ise a-gwine to try;
And when the sun goes down tonight,
Ise a-gwine to say goodbye.

IV

GAMBLING ON THE SABBATH DAY

Contributed by Miss Sylvia Vaughan, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana. Obtained from her father, Mr. Hiram Vaughan.

- 1 Who could tell a mother's thought
When to her the news were brought
That her dear son had been caught
And to prison had been brought?
- 2 A mother sixty years of age,
Who in counsel was engaged
To see if something could be done
To save her boy, her only son.
- 3 "Yonder stands my little wife
Who'll grieve for me all through her life,
While from her side I strayed away
And gambled on the Sabbath Day.
- 4 "O wife, come lay your head right here
And let me see your falling tears,
For I'll leave with you one precious joy
And that's our darling baby boy.
- 5 "O teach him, wife, how to do,
How to love and care for you
And never from your side to stray
And gamble on the Sabbath Day.
- 6 "These cruel men will take my life,
Take me from you, my darling wife;
But I'll leave with you one precious joy
And that's our darling baby boy.²

² These lines are obviously out of place in stanza 4, where they seem to have been substituted for a forgotten couplet.

- 7 "O teach him, wife, to be true,
How to love and care for you,
And every night to kneel and pray
That we may meet in Heaven someday.
- 8 "O let the last thing be this,
To take from me one farewell kiss;
The time has come for me to die;
I must say to all goodbye."
- 9 The sheriff cut the tender cord;
The wretch has gone to meet his God.
The spirit from the body fled;
The doctors cried, "The wretch is dead."
- 10 Poor grey-haired mother prayed aloud
That God might save that gazing crowd,
That they might never be cast away
For gambling on the Sabbath Day.

V

DULL FORTUNE

Contributed by Mr. Kenneth D. Williams, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana. Obtained from his grandmother, Mrs. Minnie Beloit, to whom it was sent in manuscript by Miss Cora C. Wallace, of St. Joseph, Missouri, on July 10, 1884.

- 1 "Goodbye to dull fortune; adieu to all past;"
I cheer up my spirit, for my old beauty's gone.
I'll sing and be merry as a nightingale in May,
For I'll get another when he's gone away.

Chorus

- If he's gone, let him go; let him sink or let him swim;
If he doesn't care for me, I'll not care for him.
I wish he'd make good fortune and myself a little grace,
For I'll be provided for in some better place.
- 2 He is little and he's pretty, and he dresses very neat;
O isn't it a pity he should show such deceit?
O isn't it a pity so deceitful he should be,
But I'll get another when he's gone away.
 - 3 He is courting another whom he will deceive;
He is very much mistaken if he thinks I will grieve.
To show him that I don't care I'll go no more that way
To be scared out by owls that seldom fly by day.

- 4 It is many pleasant eves we have spent there in chat;
It is very little better I think of him for that.
His tongue it wouldn't warble, and the hours would
go so slow
That I had a mind to tell him to take his hat and go.
- 5 To you who are lovesick and a cure cannot be found
I'll tell you of a remedy that surely cured mine:
A pound of pure contrariness and the same of diffidence,
One ounce of independence, and a grain of common sense.

VI

THE HUNGRY ARMY

Contributed by Mrs. Jennie L. Wade, of Mount Vernon, Posey County, Indiana.

- 1 I wear a medal, as you see;
My work (?) presented it to me
For hanging to a rotten tree
While the wind got away with the army.
Sound the bugle, blow the horn,
And shout for glory night and morn;
Hungry soldiers, tattered and torn,
Have just returned from the army.

Chorus

March, boys, march, and join us in our chorus;
Cheer, boys, cheer, the army is before us.
March, boys, march, the foe is still advancing;
Cheer, boys, cheer, till we reach the happy land.

- 2 We combed our hair with a knife and fork
And curled it around a cabbage stalk,
Put it in a pot to make some broth
To feed the hungry army.
Sound the bugle, &c.
- 3 They dished it up in a big tin pan,
A teaspoonful for every man;
I grew so fat that I couldn't stand
To march in the hungry army.
Sound the bugle, &c.

VII

POOR LITTLE JOE

Contributed by Mrs. Margaret Hayden, of Baldwin Heights, Princeton,
Gibson County, Indiana.

- 1 While strolling one night through New York's gay throng,
I met a poor boy who was singing a song;
Although he was singing, he wanted for bread;
Although he was smiling, he wished himself dead.

Chorus

Cold blew the blast, down came the snow;
With no place to shelter, no place to go,
No mother to guide (in the grave she lies low),
Cast on cold streets was poor little Joe.

- 2 A carriage passed by with a lady inside;
I looked on poor Joe's face and saw that he cried.
He followed the carriage; she not even smiled
But fondly caressed her own darling child.
- 3 The lights had gone out, the clock had struck one;
Along came a policeman, whose duty was done,
And you could have told by his dull heavy tread
He must have been sinking in the graves of the dead(?).
- 4 "O what is this?" the policeman said;
It was poor little Joe; on the ground he lay dead.
With his eyes turned toward Heaven, covered with snow,
Dead on the cold street was poor little Joe.

VIII

OVER THE GARDEN WALL

Contributed by Mrs. Oda Dearing, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana.

- 1 My love sat under the walnut tree,
Over the garden wall;
And many times I've kissed her there,
Over the garden wall.
She had beautiful eyes and beautiful hair;
She wasn't very tall, so she stood on a chair,
But many a time I've kissed her there,
Over the garden wall.

Chorus

Over the garden wall, the prettiest girl of all;
There never were yet such eyes of jet,
And you may just bet I'll never forget
The night that our lips in sweet kisses met
Over the garden wall.

- 2 O her father he raved and her father he stomped,
Over the garden wall;
And like a madman he behaved,
Over the garden wall.
She made a bouquet of roses red,
And I immediately stuck up my head,
But *he* gave me a bucket of water instead,
Over the garden wall.
- 3 O one night we got down on the other side
Over the garden wall;
She bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall.
She screamed in a fright, "There's Daddy, be quick!"
I was under the impression he was bringing a stick,
But he gave *me* the impression of half of a brick,
Over the garden wall.
- 4 Now we hadn't much money, but weddings were cheap,
And while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lath and a ladder we managed to creep
Over the garden wall.

IX

(No title given)

Contributed by Mr. Kenneth D. Williams, of Oakland City, Gibson County,
Indiana.

- 1 'Twould have been better for us both had we never
In this wide wicked world to have met,
For the pleasure we both had together
I shall never, no never, forget.
- 2 O how sadly my heart turns toward you,
Though your steps have thrown us apart.
Do you love me as well as when you held me
On your bosom, so near to your heart?
- 3 You told me you always would love me,
That nothing should ever come between;
It has been long ago since you told me,
But those words in my memory still cling.

- 4 'Twould have been better had we both been as strangers,
But why should I speak of it now?
Had we not long ago felt the danger
Of a heart breaking through a false vow?
- 5 So farewell, love, my hopes have departed;
I will try and struggle through this wicked world.
But remember, if I die broken-hearted,
I implore (?) your name shall be my last word.
- 6 So remember when the cold grave surrounds me;
Will you come, love, and drop a single tear,
And tell to the strangers all around you
That a heart you have broken lies here?

X

I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN

Contributed by Mrs. Alidore Cassidy Huffman, of Tell City, Perry County, Indiana.

- 1 O when I was single, O then;
O when I was single, O then;
O when I was single, my money did jingle,
And I wish I was single again.
- 2 I married me a wife, O then;
I married me a wife, O then;
I married me a wife, she quarreled all her life,
And I wish I was single again.
- 3 My wife took a fever, O then;
My wife took a fever, O then;
My wife took a fever, in the grave I had to leave her,
And then I was single again.
- 4 I married me another, O then;
I married me another, O then;
I married me another who was worse than the other,
And I wish I was single again.

XI a

THE WIDOW BY THE SEA

Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County, Indiana.

- 1 Just one year ago today, love, I became your happy bride,
Changed a mansion for a cottage to dwell by the riverside.
You told me I'd be happy, but no happiness I see,
For tonight I am a widow in the cottage by the sea.

Chorus

Alone! all alone! he's gone and left me,
And no other's bride I'll be,
For tonight I am a widow
In the cottage by the sea.

- 2 From my cottage by the seaside I can see my mansion home;
I can see the hills and valleys where with pleasure
I have roamed.
The very first time that I met him, O how happy then were we!
But tonight I am a widow in the cottage by the sea.
- 3 O my poor and aged father, how in sorrow he would wail!
And my poor and aged mother, how with tears her eyes
would swell!
And my one and only brother, how he would weep for me
If he only knew his sister was a widow by the sea!

XI b

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA

Contributed by Mrs. Helen B. Little, of Knoxville, Iowa. Learned in Warrick County, Indiana.

- 1 Just one year ago tonight, love, I became your happy bride,
Changed a mansion for a cottage to dwell by the river side.
You told me I'd be happy, but no happiness I see,
For tonight I am a widow in the cottage by the sea.

Chorus

All alone, all alone by the seaside he left me,
But no other's bride I'll be,
For in bridal robes he decked me
In the cottage by the sea.

- 2 Far across the hills and valleys I can see my mountain home;
I can see the lovely forests where with pleasure I would roam.
O my poor and aged mother, how with sorrow she would weep
If she only knew her daughter was a widow by the deep.

XII

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM

Contributed by Mr. Jesse N. Engler, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana.

- 1 At early dawn I saw a man
Stand by the beer saloon;
His eyes were sunk and his lips were parched,
O such is the drunkard's doom!

- 2 His little boy stood by his side,
And, trembling, to him said:
"Dear Father, Mother lies sick at home,
While sister cries for bread."
- 3 He arose and staggered to the bar
As he had done before;
He said to the landlord, "Give, O give;
Just give me one glass more."
- 4 The landlord granted his request;
He drank the poison bowl.
He drank while wife and children starved;
He ruined his poor soul.
- 5 Three years have gone; I went that way;
A crowd stood at the door.
I asked the cause, when one replied:
"The drunkard is no more."
- 6 I saw a hearse move slowly away;
No wife, no child was there.
They to a better land have gone
And left this world of care.

XIII

(No title given)

Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Connersville, Indiana. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Warrick County, Indiana.

- 1 "Why are you wandering here, I pray?"
An old man said to a maid one day.
"Looking for poppies so bright and red,
Father," says she, "I'm hither led."
"Fie, O fie," was the old man's cry,
"Poppies are known by all who rove
To grow in the field and not in the grove,
Not in the grove, not in the grove,
To grow in the field and not in the grove."
- 2 "Tell me again," the old man said,
"Why are you wandering here, fair maid?"
"The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
Father," says she, "I long to hear."
"Fie, O fie," was the old man's cry,
"Nightingales all, so people say,
Warble by night and not by day,
Not by day, not by day,
Warble by night and not by day."

- 3 The sage looked grave, the maid looked shy
As Reuben jumped the stile hard by;
The sage looked grave, the maid looked glum;
Reuben twiddled his finger and thumb.
"Fie, O fie," was the old man's cry,
"Poppies like these, I own, are rare,
And of such nightingale's songs beware,
Songs beware, songs beware,
And of such nightingale's songs beware!"

XIV

THE SHORES OF HAVANA³

Contributed by Miss Velma Hightower, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana. Learned from the singing of her mother.

- 1 Many homes were filled with sorrow and with sadness,
Many hearts were filled with anguish and with pain;
And a nation now is draped in deepest mourning
For the heroes of our battleship, the Maine.
Some are sleeping beneath the waters in the harbor;
Some repose beneath a mound of Spanish clay,
And their spirits seem to cry aloud far off
The shores of Havana far away.

Chorus

Oh, the moon shines down tonight upon the water
Where the heroes of the Maine in silence lay;
May they rest in peace, the loved ones who are sleeping
Off the shores of Havana far away!

- 2 They were thinking of their mothers, wives, and sweethearts;
They were dreaming of the dear ones left at home;
And perhaps some lad who left the old folks grieving
Was just writing them from far across the foam,
When suddenly there came a loud explosion;
Like a stone, a wreck she sank down in the bay;
And two hundred noble-hearted sailors perished
Off the shores of Havana far away.

XV

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

Contributed by Mrs. Jennie L. Wade, of Mount Vernon, Posey County, Indiana. "Sung to the writer in the 80's by a lady who said that an old friend taught it to her when she was a small child. To be sung to the tune NETTLETON, old melody, 1812. Words in italics to be accented."

³ Sung to the tune of "On the Banks of the Wabash".

- 1 On Springfield's mountains there did dwell
A fair young damsel named Sal;
This fair young damsel named Sal
Was Mrs. Carter's only gal. Rye
Too Rye, Loo Rye,
Too Rye, Loo Rye,
Too Rye, Loo Rye,
Loo Rye, Loo Rye.
- 2 This fair young damsel tripped the brook-side,
All alone, sunflowers⁴ to pick;
She had not picked but two or three
Till her foot slipped, and in went *she*. Rye, &c.
- 3 Her lover saw the horrid sight
And ran to her with all his might;
He pulled her out from off the water;
All signs of life had quite forsook *her*. Rye, &c.
- 4 He took her to her mother's door
As often he had done before,
Saying, "Mrs. Carter, here all you see
That is left of your Sal-lee." Rye, &c.
- 5 Her mother *she fell* on the floor
And never spake one sentence more;
Her spirit took its upward flight
And jined her Sal that very night. Rye, &c.
- 6 Her lover then *some pizen* took
And upward gave a sarchin' look,
Sayin', "Here's to me to follow arter
My lovely Sal and old Mis' Carter." Rye, &c.

XVI

THE 'ORRIBLE TALE

Contributed by Mrs. Jennie L. Wade, of Mount Vernon, Posey County, Indiana.

- 1 A 'orrible tale to you I'll tell
Of a sad misfortune that befell
An ill-fated familee
Who lived next door but one to me.
- 2 For, O, 't was such a 'orrible tale
Your flesh will creep and your hair turn pale
If you will only listen to me,
Tweedle, Twaddle, Tweedle, Twee.

⁴ For some flowers?

- 3 The poor unwise Thomas cat
Choked himself on a street-door mat,
While John into the garden did walk
To cut his throat with a piece of chalk.
- 4 The oldest daughter, just turned two,
She drowned herself in an Irish stew;
The flies upon the window pane
Died of water on the brain.

XVII

LILLIE LEE

Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County, Indiana.
Obtained from an aunt, Mrs. Carrie McMurtry, of Lynnville, Warrick County,
Indiana.

- 1 Down by the shores of the sounding sea
Was the humble home of Lillie Lee,
And over the deep waters far away
Went sailing her lover, Nathan Gray.
- 2 For she was young and he was poor;
This many evil men endure(?).
His future to God he dare not trust,
But wanted it down in gold and dust.
- 3 So with a kiss and a parting thrill
He hardened his heart with an iron will;
He bent his back to the open door
And sailed away from the sounding shore.
- 4 She looked from the beach with a quivering lip;
She watched and wept for the sailing ship,
Until in the mists it faded away
Into a dark and a dazzling(?) gray.
- 5 He looked from the deck with a heavy sigh;
Nothing could he see but water and sky.
His thoughts run back to the pleasant past
As he laid his hand to the bending mast.
- 6 So away and away and away he went,
Farther and farther day by day,
Thinking only of his diamonds and gold,
Of the joy they'd bring him when he got old.
- 7 Often in scary dreams at night
He saw a terrible, ghastly sight,
A coffin a-drifting about on the sea,
And on it the name of Lillie Lee.

- 8 "O why need such visions bother my mind
When safe she's walking the shore behind?
It never could have been by chance or fate
To have corpsed her and shrouded her in such a state."
- 9 So away and away and away he went,
Saying, "I shall never repent;
The earth and sea shall give up their dead
Before I'll return without treasures to end(?)."
- 10 After many long years a-tossing about
This good old ship started on its homeward route;
"And now," says Nathan, with infinite glee,
"I'm bound for the home of Lillie Lee."
- 11 The fight was over; the prize was gained,
When, rich, he steps on the shore again.
He flew away to a lovely cot,
To find it a lone and a desolate spot.
- 12 The stones of the walls were all scattered and black;
The doors off the hinges, the roof was rack,
The hoot owl and bat flying swift by his ear,
A-hooting and screeching, "Not here, not here!"
- 13 So over hills and far away to a village far away
A pleasant churchyard just lie in the way,
All covered with flowers in the month of May.
Twenty graves he had already passed,
When suddenly he stopped with an . . . gasp.
He reads and he reads, and what does it say?
'Tis a credit to the memory of Lillie Lee.
- 14 Too late, too late, with your diamonds and gold;
Her body is ashes; her heart is cold.
A harvest of woe he found in his need
And 'twas all for the love of Lillie Lee.

XVIII a

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM

Contributed by Miss June Falls, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana.
Obtained from her mother, Mrs. Elmer Falls, of the same city.

- 1 O Willie, you look so hearty now,
Your dress looks neat and clean,
I never see you drunk about;
Pray tell me where you've been?
Your wife and family are all well;
You once did use them strange.
O have you kinder to them grown?
How comes this happy change?

- 2 It was a dream, a warning voice
 That Heaven sent to me
 To snatch me from a drunkard's curse,
 Grim want and misery.
 My money was all spent in drink,
 (O what a wretched view!)
 I almost broke my Mary's heart
 And starved my children, too.

- 3 What was my home or wife to me?
 I heeded not her sighs;
 Her patient smile it welcomed me
 While tears bedewed her eyes.
 My children they had oft awoke
 And "Father, dear," had said,
 "Poor mother has been weeping so
 Because we have no bread."

- 4 My Mary's form did waste away;
 I saw her sunken eye.
 My babes on straw in sickness lay;
 I heard their wailing cry.
 Yet I laughed and sung in a drunkard's joy
 While Mary's tears did stream;
 Then like a beast I fell asleep
 And had this warning dream.

- 5 I dreamed once more I staggered home;
 There seemed a solemn gloom.
 I missed my wife—where can she be?
 And strangers in the room.
 I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead;
 She has led a wretched life.
 Grief and want have broke her heart;
 Who'd be a drunkard's wife?"

- 6 I saw my children gathering round—
 They scarcely drew their breath—
 Cling and kiss her lifeless form,
 Forever cold in death.
 "O Father, dear, come wake her up;
 The people say she's dead.
 O make her speak and smile once more;
 We will never cry for bread."

e."

x;

Indiana.

- 7 "She is not dead!" I, frantic, cried;
 Then rushed to where she lay
 And fondly kissed those once warm lips,
 Forever cold as clay.
 "O Mary, speak once more to me;
 I will never cause you pain,
 Nor ever break your loving heart,
 Nor ever drink again."
- 8 "O Mary, speak! Willie calls."
 "Why, so I do," she cried;
 I awoke, and there my Mary dear
 Was kneeling by my side.
 I pressed her to my throbbing heart
 Whilst joyous tears did stream,
 And ever since I've Heaven blest
 For sending me that dream.

XVIII b

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM

Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Connersville, Indiana. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Warrick County, Indiana.

- 1 Dermont, you look so healthy now, your clothes so neat and clean;
 I never see you drink a drop, pray tell me where you've been.
 Your wife and children now are well; you once did treat them
 strange,
 But you have kinder to them grown; how comes this happy change?
- 2 It was a dream, a warning voice that Heaven sent to me
 To snatch me from a drunkard's curse, crime, want, and misery.
 My children they have oft awoke; "O father, dear," they said,
 "Poor mother has been weeping so because we have no bread."
- 3 My poor wife's form did waste away; I saw her sunken eyes.
 How strange my babes in sickness lay; I heard their wailing cries.
 I danced and sang in drunkard's joy while Nellie's tears did stream;
 Then like a beast I fell asleep and had this warning dream.
- 4 I dreamed I once more staggered home; there seemed a solemn
 gloom.
 I missed my wife (where could she be?), and strangers in the room.
 I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead; she led a wretched life
 In grief and want; it broke her heart to be a drunkard's wife."
- 5 I saw my children weeping round; I scarcely drew my breath.
 They called and kissed her lifeless form, forever still in death.
 "O father, dear, come wake her up, the people say she's dead.
 O make her smile and speak once more; we'll never cry for bread."

- 6 "O, Nellie, speak; 'tis Dermont's call!" "I do, I do," she cried.
I woke unto my Nellie dear; she was kneeling by my side.
I clasped her to my throbbing heart while tears of joy did stream,
And ever since I've Heaven blessed for sending me this dream.

XIX

CHARLES GUTEAU

Contributed by Miss Frances Hunt, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana.
Obtained from her mother, Mrs. Marion Hunt, of the same city.

- 1 My name it is Charles Guiteau;
My name I'll never deny.
I leave my aged parents,
In sorrow for to die.
- 2 But little did they think
While in my youthful bloom,
I'd be taken to the scaffold
To meet my awful doom.
- 3 My sister came to see me;
She was so kind and true.
She threw her arms around my neck
And wept most bitterly.
- 4 Says she, "My darling brother,
Today you'll surely die
For the murder of James A. Garfield
Upon the scaffold high."

XX

THE BLIND GIRL

Contributed by Miss Sylvia Vaughan, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana. Learned from the singing of her mother, Mrs. Hiram Vaughan.

- 1 Dear father, they tell me that tonight
You've wed another bride,
That you will take her in your arms
Where my dear mother died,
That she will lay her graceful head
Upon your loving breast,
Where she who now lies cold in death
In her last hours did rest.

- 2 They say her name is Mary;
It's the name my mother bore.
O is she loving, kind, and true
As the one you loved before?
And is her step so soft and low,
Her voice as soft and mild,
And, father, will she love me too,
Your blind and helpless child?
- 3 Her picture's hanging on the wall,
Her books are laying near,
And here's the harp her fingers touched,
And here's her vacant chair,
The chair whereby I used to kneel
And say my evening prayer;
Dear father, it would break my heart
If I could not greet her there.
- 4 And as I cry myself to sleep,
As now I often do,
And softly to my chamber creep
My new mamma and you,
Now let me kneel down by your side
And to our Savior pray
That God's right hand may guide you both
Through life's long weary way.
- 5 The prayer was softly murmured there;
"I'm weary now," she said.
He took her in his loving arms
And laid her on the bed.
Just as he turned to leave the room,
One joyful cry was given;
He turned and caught her last sweet smile;
His blind child was in Heaven.
- 6 He buried her by her mother's side,
And placed a marble fair,
And on it was inscribed these words:
"There'll be no blind ones there."

XXI

OLD JOE CLARK

Contributed by Mr. Elmo Davis, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana.
Obtained from his grandfather, Mr. William Davis, of the same city.

- 1 Now I've got no money,
Got no place to stay,
Got no place to lay my head,
And the chickens a-crowin' for day.

Chorus

Fare you well, old Joe Clark,
 Fare you well, I say;
 Fare you well, old Joe Clark.
 I'm goin' away to stay.

- 2 I wish I had a nickel;
 I wish I had a dime;
 I wish I had a pretty little gal
 To kiss her and call her mine.
- 3 I don't like that old Joe Clark,
 I'll tell you the reason why;
 He goes about the country
 A-stealin' good men's wives.
- 4 I went down to old Joe Clark's;
 I did not mean no harm;
 He grabbed him up his forty-four
 And shot me through the arm.
- 5 Old Joe Clark's a mean old dog;
 I'll tell you the reason why,
 He tore down my old rail fence
 So his cattle could eat my rye.
- 6 I went down to old Joe Clark's;
 I found old Joe in bed;
 I stuck my finger in old Joe's eye
 And killed old Joe stone dead.

XXII

THE TOKEN

From a manuscript in the writer's possession. The date of the copying is given as 1845.

- 1 'T will remind you of me, though the token
 Be neither of silver nor gold;
 'T will remind you of words you have spoken,
 How falsely must never be told:
 No, no, no, no,
 How falsely must never be told.
- 2 There were days when I thought your affection
 Through life, mine e'erlasting would be;
 But though now you may fly from affection,
 It still will remind you of me:
 Yes, yes, yes, yes,
 It still will remind you of me.

- 3 "T will remind you of me, though you shun it
And cast it aside with disdain;
You will one day look vainly upon it
And sigh for your first love again:
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
And sigh for your first love again.
- 4 This gift may be kept among many
And, though mine, the least worth may be;
Yet perchance 't will be dearer than any
Because 't will remind you of me:
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Because 't will remind you of me.
- 5 "T will remind you of me when I'm sleeping
Far off where my forefathers sleep;
When past is my season for weeping,
O it grieves me to think you must weep:
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
O it grieves me to think you must weep.
- 6 You will press to your heart this last token
Of one you will nevermore see;
You will think of the vows you have broken—
O yes, 't will remind you of me:
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
O yes, 't will remind you of me.

XXIII

NANCY WILSON'S LAMENTATION

Contributed by Mrs. Charles R. Emery, of Bloomington, Monroe County, Indiana. From a manuscript belonging to her grandfather, Mr. John Mitchell, of Monroe County.

- 1 Ye guardian powers that rule above
And know how fondly I do love,
O grant to ease this torturing pain,
Nor suffer me to love in vain.
- 2 I once defied the powers of Jove
And laughed at those who talked of love,
But now the powers of my mind
To one dear object are inclined.
- 3 But by his father's strict command
He's banished from his native land,
Where I no more shall see his face,
No more his lovely lips embrace.

- 4 O how my soul's oppressed with grief,
And not a friend to give relief!
No hand to wipe the falling tears,
No soothing tongue to ease my cares!
- 5 When I reflect on what he swore,
I sometimes think I'll doubt no more,
But cruel fears return again
And fills my mind with grief and pain.
- 6 "If I forsake you, my dear," said he;
"I wish that heaven may forsake me,
And may God's vengeance on me dwell
And burn my soul in flames of hell."
- 7 "Cheer up, my dear girl," he often said,
"My friends shall ne'er your peace invade;
Though they all against me join,
If life be spared, you shall be mine."
- 8 The day before he went away
He kindly thus to me did say:
"You must not weep for me, my dear;
Your tears are more than I can bear.
- 9 "Though I am bound to foreign parts,
You are the mistress of my heart;
No other maid, though e'er so fine,
Shall ever shake my constant mind."
- 10 Once I was happy, once was blest;
No care of mind disturbed my rest.
I was beloved by rich and poor,
And must this pleasure be no more?
- 11 The world now views me with disdain;
I own my fault, confess my shame.
And, could my life atonement make,
This wretched world I would forsake.
- 12 Since fate has destined us apart,
Adieu, ye transient joys of heart!
Why should I wish on earth to live
Since earth cannot one blessing give?
- 13 Each day my mind is full of fears,
Each night my pillow's wet with tears;
O that the God who rules above
Would prosper those who truly love!

- 14 If I am not to be his wife,
Adieu, ye transient joys of life;
Not all the gold on India's shore
Could ever raise my spirits more.
- 15 But like some lone bewildered dove
I'll mourn the absence of my love,
And in some lone sequestered place
I'll spend my few remaining days.
- 16 And when our souls are called thence
To purer worlds remote from hence,
I hope to gain that happy shore
Where none can part us evermore.

XXIV

LITTLE JOE

Contributed by Mrs. Joseph Summers, of Oakland City, Gibson County,
Indiana.

- 1 What will the birdie do, Mother, in the spring,
The little bird that comes to my door?
Will she tap at my window or hop upon the step,
Asking why little Joe wanders out no more?
- 2 What will the kitty do, Mother, all alone?
Will she stop in her frolic for a day,
Or lie on the rug by the side of my bed
As she did when I once went away?
- 3 Tiger, O Mother, love Tiger for me,
For I know he will mourn for me, too;
But keep him when idle and useless he's grown,
Sleeping all the long summer day through.
- 4 And show him my coat so that he will not forget
Little master, who then will be dead;
Just speak to him often and kindly of Joe,
Shaking slowly his shaggy black head.
- 5 And old Uncle Jack in his faraway camp
Will look sad o'er the letter you write,
But tell him, dear Mother, Joe's gone to the front,
Marching nearer and nearer the light.

- 6 What will old Thomas, the gardener, say
When you ask him for flowers for me?
Will he send me the rose he has tended so long,
Or the first fair flower on the tree?
- 7 I have seen the tears come in his honest old eyes,
Though he told me the wind blew them there,
As he gazed on my cheek growing thinner each day,
And his hand trembled over my hair.
- 8 And you, darling Mother, will miss me a while,
But in Heaven no larger I'll grow;
So that any kind angel will know when you ask
At the gate for your own little Joe.

XXV

A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS ⁵

Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County, Indiana.
Learned from an aunt, Mrs. Carrie McMurtry, of Lynnville, Warrick County,
Indiana.

- 1 In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand
There's a package of old letters written by a cherished hand;
Will you go and bring them, Sister, and read them all to me tonight?
I have often tried but could not, for the tears would dim my sight.
- 2 Come up to me, dear Sister, let me lean upon your breast,
For the tide of life is ebbing, and I fain would be at rest.
Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard;
Read them over, Love, distinctly, for I've cherished every word.
- 3 Tell him, Sister, when you see him that I never ceased to love,
That when dying prayed to meet him in that better world above.
Tell him that I was supported, not a word of censure spoke,
But his silence and his absence this poor heart has wellnigh
broke.
- 4 Tell him that I watched his coming when the noonday sun was high
And when at eve the angels placed a starlight in the sky,
And when I saw he did not come tell him that I did not chide,
But I spoke in love about him and I blessed him when I died.

⁵ Known also as "The Little Rosewood Casket".

- 5 And when in death's white garments you have wrapped my form
 around
 And have laid me down in slumber in the quiet churchyard
 ground,
Place the letters and the pictures close beside this pulseless heart;
 We in life have been together and in death we will not part.
- 6 I am ready now, dear Sister; you may read the letters o'er,
 And I'll listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more.
And when you have finished, should I calmly fall asleep,
 Fall asleep in death and wake not, dearest Sister, do not weep.

XXVI

THE ORPHAN GIRL

Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County, Indiana. Same source as above.

- 1 Would you hear my mournful story?
 All my friends are dead and gone.
 Father I have none nor mother;
 I'm an orphan left alone.
- 2 Brothers I have none nor sisters;
 In this world I'm left alone.
In this world of sin and sorrow
 I'm an orphan left alone.
- 3 Mother said to me when dying,
 When her voice was almost gone,
 "Dearest daughter, you will soon be
 A poor orphan left alone.
- 4 "Take this Bible to your closet;
 Read and pray both night and morn.
Seek protection in the Savior
 When an orphan left alone."
- 5 And since then her eyes were closed,
 And her corpse lies in the tomb;
Oft I think of lovely Jesus
 Since an orphan left alone.
- 6 Oft I walk the lonely graveyard,
 Praying for the time to come
When by Mother I'll be buried
 And no more be left alone.

XXVII

THE OLD ARM CHAIR

Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Connersville. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Warrick County, Indiana.

- 1 My grandmother she at the age of eighty-three
One day in May was taken ill and died,
And after she was dead, the will, of course, was read
By a lawyer as we all stood by his side.
To my brother it was found she had left a hundred pound,
The same unto my sister, I declare;
But when it came to me, the lawyer said, "I see
She has only left to you the old arm chair."

Chorus

How they tittered; how they chaffed;
How my sister and my brother laughed!
When they heard the lawyer declare:
"Granny's only left to you the old arm chair."

- 2 I thought it hardly fair; still I said I didn't care,
And in the evening took the chair away.
My sister at me laughed; my brother at me chaffed,
And said, "It will be useful, John, some day.
When you settle down in life, get some girl to be your wife,
You'll find it very handy, I declare;
On a cold and frosty night when the fire is burning bright,
To be seated in the old arm chair.
- 3 What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then a ring I bought,
Took her to church, and then she was my wife.
This dear old girl and me were as happy as could be,
And when my work was over, I declare,
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home
And be seated in the old arm chair.
- 4 One night the chair fell down; when I picked it up, I found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes
A lot of notes—ten thousand pounds or more.
When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair;
But I only laughed at him, and slyly whispered, "Jim,
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"

Chorus

No more they tittered, no more they chaffed,
 No more my sister and my brother laughed
 When they heard the lawyer declare:
 "Granny's left a fortune in the old arm chair!"

XXVIII

GRANDFATHER'S OLD BROWN PANTS

Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County, Indiana.
 Learned from an aunt, Mrs. Carrie McMurtry, of Lynnville, Warrick County,
 Indiana.

- 1 My grandfather he, at the age of ninety-three,
 Got disgusted and made up his mind to die.
 Of course he left a will, and to my brother Bill
 He left the real estate that in the town did lie.
 And to my sister Jane he left a watch and chain;
 A house and lot he left to sister Nance,
 And how it made me swear when the lawyer did declare
 That he'd left to me his old brown pants!

Chorus

How they did giggle! how they did yell!
 Even my sister and my dear Isabelle.
 How they did laugh whene'er they had a chance
 'Cause grandfather willed to me his old brown pants!

- 2 One day my brother Bill went down to Grimes' old mill,
 Took off his clothes and in the river went to swim.
 Along came a billy goat, chewed the buttons off his coat,
 Ate up his pants ('t was summer—they were thin!).
 Now Bill was in a plight, had to stay there all the night;
 I took his gal Mariah to the dance.
 And as we passed him by, just to sympathize, said I:
 "Don't you wish you had them old brown pants?"
- 3 Bill and Mariah wed, and the boys and girls all said,
 "We'll surprise them with an old rag carpet bee."
 Collars⁶ they were in demand, and the old pants came to hand;
 While they ripped and cut, the jokes went round in glee.
 My Isabelle the waistband tore; something rolled out on the floor;
 "It's a thousand dollar bill!" said sister Nance.
 Said sister Jane to brother Bill, "That wasn't in the will;"
 Said I, "Don't you wish you had them old brown pants?"

⁶ For colors?

XXIX a

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED

Contributed by Mrs. Thos. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Vanderburgh County, Indiana.

- 1 On a soft summer day when the sea was ruffled
By a soft and gentle breeze,
A ship set sail with a cargo loaded
For a port beyond the seas.
There were sweet farewells and loving signals
Till her form could not be discerned;
They knew it not, a solemn parting
For the ship that never returned.

Chorus

Did she ever return? No, she never returned,
And her sad fate is yet unlearned.
For years and years have loved ones been waiting
for the ship that never returned.

- 2 Said a feeble boy to his aged mother,
"I must cross the deep blue sea;
They say there's chance in the foreign country,
There is strength and health for me."
With a glow of hope and a mass (?) of danger,
Yet her heart for her young did yearn,
She sent him away with a smile and a blessing
On the ship that never returned.
- 3 "One more trip," said a gallant seaman,
As he kissed his weeping wife;
"One more bag of gold and silver,
It will last us all through life.
Then we will settle down in our cosy cottage
To enjoy what I have earned."
The last poor man was laid commander
On the ship that never returned.

XXIX b

Contributed by Mrs. H. M. Harden, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana.

- 1 "Just one more trip," said a brave young seaman,
As he kissed his weeping wife;
"One more bag of golden treasure,
It will last us all through life.

- 2 "We will settle down in a cosy cottage
To enjoy what we have earned."
But alas, poor lad, he sailed commander
On a ship that never returned!

Chorus

Did she ever return? No, she never returned,
And her sad fate is yet unlearned;
For years, long years, have loved ones been waiting
For the ship that never returned.

XXX a

BARNEY MCCOY

Contributed by Mrs. Ira V. Rothrock, of Mount Vernon, Posey County, Indiana. Learned from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Shultheis, in Posey County.

- 1 I am going far away, Norah darling,
And it's leaving such an angel far behind
It will break my heart in two which I fondly gave to you,
No other one so loving, kind, and true.
- 2 Then come to my arms, Norah darling,
Bid your friends in dear old Ireland goodbye;
And it's happy you will be in that dear land of the free,
Living happy with your Barney McCoy.
- 3 I would go with you, Barney darling,
But the reason why I told you of before;
It would break my mother's heart if from her I had to part
And go roaming with you, Barney McCoy.
- 4 I am going far away, Norah darling,
Just as sure as there's a God whom I adore,
But remember what I say, that until the Judgment Day
You will never see your Barney any more.
- 5 I would go with you, Barney darling,
If my mother and the rest of them were there,
For I know we would be blest in the dear land of the West,
Living happy with you, Barney McCoy.
- 6 I am going far away, Norah darling,
And the ship is now anchored in the bay.
And before tomorrow's sun you will hear the signal gun;
So be ready, it will carry us away.

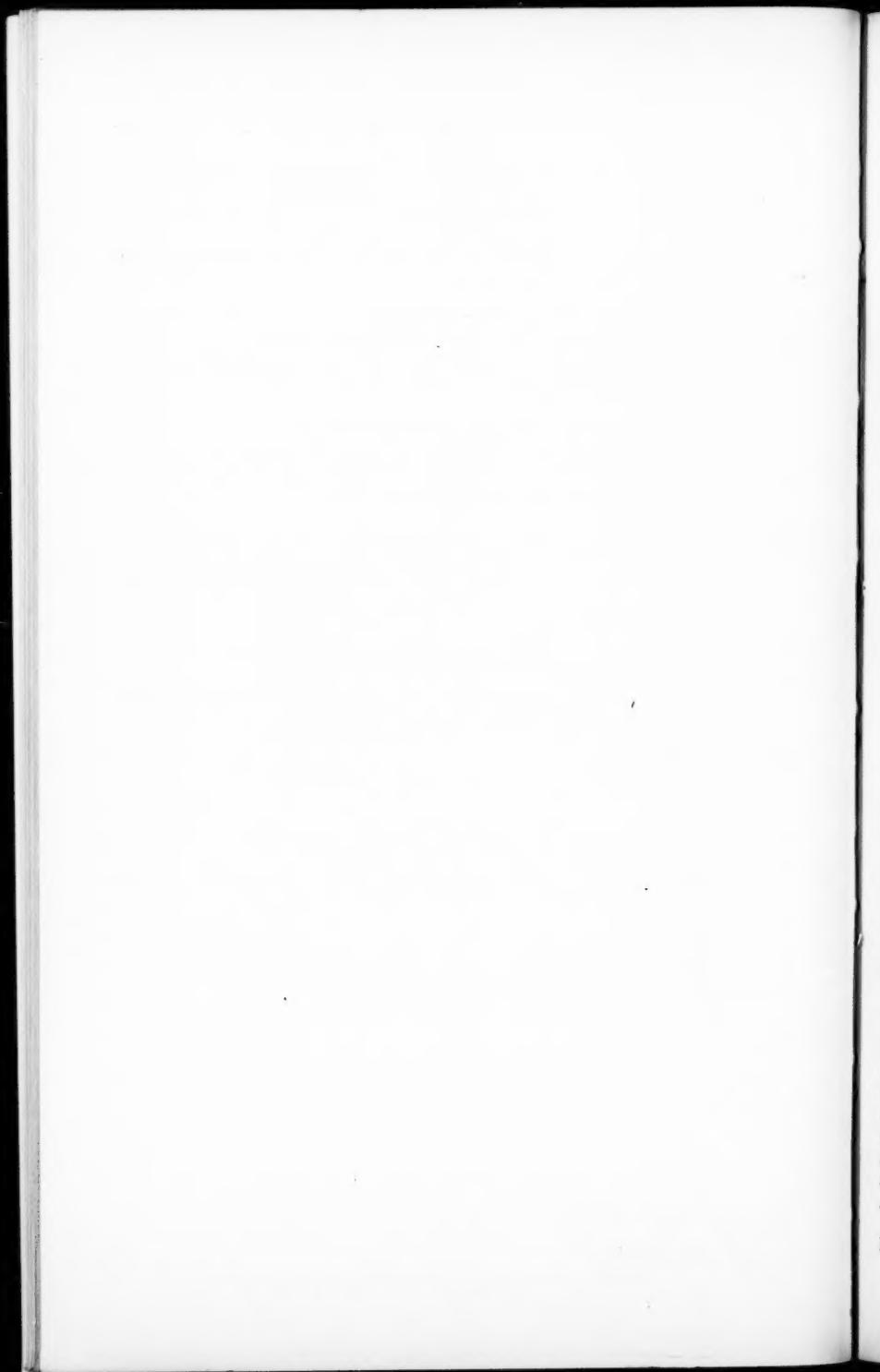
XXX b

NORA, DARLING

Contributed by Mr. H. M. Harden, of Oakland City, Gibson County, Indiana.
 Learned in Fountain County, Indiana.

- 1 I'm going far away, Nora darling,
 If the ship has now anchored in the bay;
 And before tomorrow's sun you will hear the signal gun;
 Now be ready, she will carry us away.
- 2 I would go away with you, Barney darling,
 If my mother and the rest of them were there,
 For I know I would be blest in the dear land of the West,
 Living happy with my Barney McCoy.
- 3 Then come to my arms, Nora darling,
 Bid your friends in dear old Ireland goodbye;
 For you know you would be blest in the dear land of the West,
 Living happy with your Barney McCoy.
- 4 I would go along with you, Barney darling,
 But the reason I have told you of before;
 It would break my mother's heart if from her I had to part
 And go roving with you, Barney McCoy.

University of Missouri.



SIMILES FROM THE FOLK SPEECH OF THE SOUTH:
A SUPPLEMENT TO WILSTACH'S COMPILATION¹

by J. D. Clark

FOREWORD

Wilstach's *A Dictionary of Similes* (Revised Edition) contains 19,300 similes; 2,405 names in the index of authors; and 4,665 subject headings. Although this dictionary is based primarily upon known literary sources, it has several hundred similes of anonymous origin. Examination of the collection indicates that many of the literary similes are as simple and as direct in structure as those taken from anonymous and folk backgrounds.

My total original list, from which this supplement has been drawn, contains 2,344 similes. The supplement has 2,026 entries. By subtracting one figure from the other, it is evident that 318 similes which are recorded in Wilstach's dictionary and in my original list do not appear in this supplement. All variants are presented in the supplement, in harmony with Wilstach's practice of giving variants.

Credit is due to some seventy-five unnamed students who assisted me in collecting and preparing this list of folk similes, during the session of 1939-1940 at North Carolina State College.

A

abandoned as a ship-wrecked sailor
abrupt as thunder
absent-minded as a professor
acid as poison
acted like one possessed
active as a cat
acts like a Chesterfield
acts like a clown
acts like a fool
acts like a pansy
acts like a preacher's son
acts like a wanton
agile as an acrobat
agonizing as torture
agree like bells
aimless as a spent bullet
airy as a musical tune
alert as a bird dog
alien as a foreigner

alike as two black-eyed peas
alluring as a strapless bathing suit
alphabetical as the dictionary
ambitious as Napoleon
amusing as a clown
angry as a sailor
annual as festivals
antagonistic as cats and dogs
antlered as a deer
appalling as disaster
appalling as war
appealing as a kiss
aquatic as a fish
arid as a desert
artistic as an artist
as much trouble as all my money
ascetic as a nun
austere as a Puritan
automatic as a machine
avaricious as a miser

¹ Frank J. Wilstach, *A Dictionary of Similes*, Revised Edition, Grosset and Dunlap, New York, 1924.

awkward as a cow
 awkward as a duck
 awkward as an elephant
 awkward as an ox

B

bad as sin
 bald as a doorknob
 bald as an eagle
 bald as an onion
 balky as a horse
 balky as a mule
 balmy as a breeze
 baneful as a moccasin
 bare as a bald head
 barks like a dog
 barren as the desert
 barren as the Sahara
 bashful as a country bumpkin
 bashful as a country girl in town
 bawls like a calf
 beaked as a bird
 beard like the fuzz on a peach
 beautiful as a dew-kissed rose
 beautiful as flowers in spring
 beautiful as a queen
 becoming as a clown
 bejeweled as a crown
 beneficial as charity
 bent like an old man
 bent like an old man's back
 besotted as a drunkard
 beveled as plate glass
 big as a bale of cotton
 big as a balloon
 big as a barn
 big as a barrel
 big as a cow
 big as a giant
 big as life
 big as the moon
 big as a mountain
 big as the side of a mountain
 big as an ostrich egg
 billowy as a wave
 bites like a dog fly
 bitter as crab apples
 bitter as a lemon
 bitter as quinine
 black as a cat

black as coal
 black as Egypt
 black as a Negro shoveling coal at
 midnight
 black as a mink
 black as a nigger
 black as night
 black as a pot
 black as a shroud
 black as sin
 black as a snake
 black as tar
 blasphemous as an infidel
 blasty as the March wind
 bleak as winter
 bleed like a stuck pig
 blew like a cyclone
 blithe as a bird
 bloody as a slaughter house
 bloody as a stabbed hog
 blood-thirsty as a wolf
 blown up like a balloon
 blue as a huckleberry
 blue as ink
 blue as the Mediterranean
 blue as a Monday morning
 blue as the ocean
 blue as the sky
 blue as a violet
 bluff as a cliff
 blunt as a pegging awl
 blushes like a girl
 blushes like a rose
 blustery as the March wind
 boggy as a swamp
 boastful as an egotist
 boisterous as a child
 bold as Lucifer
 bold as a pirate
 bold as a miller's shirt
 bombastic as a politician
 bony as an old wag
 bony as a skeleton
 bored as a cynic
 boresome as the itch
 bottomless as a pit
 bouncing like a ball
 bouncy as a ball
 bovine as an ox
 bowlegged as a cowboy

coal at

bowlegged as pot legs
 bracing as mountain air
 brackish as the ocean
 branched as a deer's antlers
 brassy as a penny
 brave as a bull dog
 brave as a knight
 brave as a lion
 brave as a soldier
 brave as a Spartan
 brawny as a blacksmith
 brays like a mule
 brazen as brass
 brazen as a hussy
 breezy as the wind
 bright as a crystal
 bright as a new dollar
 bright as a silver dollar
 bright as a halo
 bright as silver
 bright as a star
 bright as sunlight
 brilliant as a gem
 brindled as a dog
 briny as the deep
 brisk as a fire
 brittle as chalk
 brittle as glass
 brittle as peanut brittle
 brittle as shortcake
 broad as daylight
 broad as the side of a house
 broad as a sixty-dollar mare
 broke as a convict
 brown as autumn
 brown as a biscuit
 brown as a chestnut
 brown as a ginger cake
 brown as an Indian
 brown as a penny
 brutish as an animal
 buck like a bronco
 buck-eyed as a horse
 built up like a brick house
 bumpy as cobblestone pavement
 buoyant as a boat
 buoyant as cork
 curly as Kentucky tobacco
 burns like acid
 burns like cotton

burns like fire
 burns like gas
 burns like gasoline
 burns like a mustard plaster
 burns like powder
 burns like red pepper
 burn like tinder
 burry as a chestnut
 busy as a clock
 busy as a one-armed paper-hanger
 with the seven-year itch
 busy as a bee in a trench pot
 bushy as a mop
 bushy as a squirrel's tail
 butts like a ram

C

cadaverous as a dead person
 calm as a moonlit night
 calm as the ocean
 calm as the sea
 calm as still water
 calamitous as a flood
 cantankerous as a mule
 came in like a lamb
 came in like a lion
 capricious as a spoiled child
 carnivorous as a lion
 catchy as a new tune
 cathartic as salts
 caught like a rat in a trap
 caustic as lye
 ceaseless as time
 cellular as tissue
 certain as death
 changeable as the color of the ocean
 changeable as a camelion
 changeable as the weather
 changeable as the wind
 changeable as a woman
 charges like a bull
 chaste as a virgin
 chatters like a magpie
 chatty as a sparrow
 cheap as a tinhorn gambler
 cheerful as spring sunshine
 cheery as a robin in spring
 cheery as the song of birds
 chest like a barrel
 chic as a mannequin

chin like Andy Gump
 chivalrous as a knight
 choppy as the sea
 chronic as rheumatism
 chubby as a bear
 chubby as a cub bear
 classical as an opera
 classy as an opera
 clattery as a horse's hoofs
 clean as a pin
 clear as a brook
 clear as mud
 clear as a picture
 clear as the sky
 clear as water
 clever as a snake
 climb like a squirrel
 clings like adhesive tape
 clings like bark to a tree
 clinging as a vine
 cloddy as dry earth
 close as the Siamese twins
 close as your shadow
 close as a whisker
 close-fitting as a bodice
 clumsy as an ape
 clumsy as a clown
 clumsy as a cow
 clumsy as a horse
 clumsy as a lout
 clumsy as a mule
 clumsy as an ox
 clustered as grapes
 coarse as a bran sack
 coarse as corn silks
 coarse as gravel
 coarse as hog hair
 cocky as a bantam rooster
 cold as ashes
 cold as hell
 cold as ice
 cold as an iceberg
 cold as an icicle
 cold as the North Pole
 cold as the South Pole
 cold as a potato
 cold as scissors
 cold as steel
 cold as a well digger in Siberia
 cold as whiz

cold-blooded as a snake
 colored as Joseph's coat
 colorful as a rainbow
 colorful as Scotch plaid
 combustible as gasoline
 comic as a monkey
 comical as a clown
 comical as a jester
 comfortable as an armchair
 comfortable as an old shoe
 comforting as hope
 comforting as religion
 communicable as scarlet fever
 companionable as a dog
 companionable as fraternity brothers
 competitive as business
 complexion like a turnip
 complicated as a jigsaw puzzle
 conceited as a dandy
 coquettish as a flirt
 consecutive as the days of the week
 constant as the ticking of a clock
 contagious as measles
 contemptible as a villain
 continuous as the flow of the river
 contrary as a mule
 coo like a dove
 cool as a breeze
 cool as the sea breeze
 corrective as exercise
 corrosive as acids
 costly as chinchilla fur
 costly as ermine
 courageous as a bulldog
 courtly as a knight
 cozy as a log fire
 cozy as a love nest
 cozy as a nook
 crabby as an old bachelor
 crawl like a turtle
 crawl like a baby
 crawly as an insect
 crazy as a bat
 crazy as a coot
 crazy as the devil
 crazy as a fish
 crazy as a fool
 crazy as he looks
 crazy as hell
 crazy as a horse in a windstorm

crazy as a jackass
 crazy as a lunatic
 crazy as a madman
 crazy as a nut
 creative as an inventor
 creepy as a haunted house
 crisp as a cracker
 crisp as organdy
 crisp as toast
 croak like a frog
 crooked as a barrel of fishhooks
 crooked as a corkscrew
 crooked as a dog's hind leg
 crooked as hell
 crooked as a horseshoe
 crooked as I am
 crooked as a lawyer
 crooked as a mountain trail
 crooked as an old man's walking stick
 crooked as a pig's tail
 crooked as a politician
 crooked as a pretzel
 crooked as a rail fence
 crooked as a rainbow
 crooked as a snake
 crooked as a black snake
 crooked as a snake's path
 crooked as a vine
 crooked as a wire fence
 cross as an old maid
 cross as a setting hen
 crows like a rooster
 crowded like a can of sardines
 cruel as a Tartar
 cruel as war
 crusty as bread
 cries like a baby
 cultural as art
 cumbersome as old-time armor
 cunning as a cat
 cunning as a crow
 cunning as a kitten
 cunning as a wolf
 curious as a cat
 curious as Lot's wife
 curse like a trooper
 curses like a sailor
 curved as Mae West
 curved as a rainbow
 cut like a razor

cutting as a whiplash
 cut up like a young jack in a tin barn
 cute as a button
 cute as can be
 cute as a doll
 cute as a kitten
 cute as a monkey
 cute as a penguin
 cute as a pretty baby
 cute as a puppy
 cute as a speckled pup
 cute as a speckled pup under a red wagon

D

dainty as a flower
 damnable as gossip
 dances like a dream
 dances like an elf
 dance like a Negro
 dance like a top
 dangerous as a cancer
 dangerous as a cocked gun
 dangerous as a coiled rattler
 dangerous as a mad dog
 dangerous as a match in a powder house
 dappled as a horse
 daring as a French postcard
 dark as a black cat
 dark as a pocket
 dark as the inside of a cow's belly
 dark as night
 dauntless as an aviator
 dead as a dodo
 dead as a doorknob
 dead as a hammer
 deadly as an adder
 deadly as disease
 deadly as a plague
 deadly as poison
 deaf as a doorknob
 dear as ermine
 debatable as taxes
 decorated as a Christmas tree
 decrepit as an old man
 deep as a cup
 deep as the ocean
 deep as a well
 delicate as a fairy
 delicate as gossamer

delicate as fine lacework
 demure as a Puritan maiden
 dense as a brake
 dense as a fog
 dependent as a child
 dependent as a puppet
 depraved as a criminal
 designing as a crook
 destructive as locusts
 destructive as a storm
 detestable as a crime
 devastating as a cyclone
 devoid of romance as last year's
 bird's nest
 devout as a Christian
 die like a rat
 died like a man
 different as day and night
 difficult as a Chinese puzzle
 dignified as a matron
 dirty as a fly
 dirty as the ground
 dirty as a pig
 disagreeable as a headache
 disagreeable as a polecat
 dishonest as a rogue
 dismal as a swamp
 distasteful as medicine
 distinctive as fingerprints
 distinctive as a uniform
 dives like a feather
 dive like a rock
 dive like a shot
 divine as a god
 dizzy as a drunk
 docile as a sheep
 documentary as a law
 domestic as a housewife
 dormant as a bear in winter
 doubtful as Thomas
 downtrodden as a peasant
 downy as a chick
 draws like an artist
 draws like a persimmon
 dreamy as a poet
 dreary as a dungeon
 dressy as a clotheshorse
 dress up like a preacher
 dressed like a sore finger
 drink like a beast

drinks water like a camel
 drives like a cowboy
 drives like the devil
 drives like a madman
 drives like a speed demon
 dropped like a hot potato
 drunk as a coot
 drunk as a dog
 drunk as a fiddler's bitch
 drunk as a fool
 drunk as a hog
 drunk as an owl
 drunk as a sailor
 drunk as a sot
 drunk as a toper
 dry as dirt
 dry as powder
 dry as punk
 dry as a soap gourd
 dry as toast
 dull as a froe
 dumb as an adder
 dumb as a doorbell
 dumb as a dumb Dora
 dumb as a fool
 dumb like a fox
 dumb as a freshman
 dumb as a haddock
 dumb as hell
 dumb as an idiot
 dumb as a jackass
 dumb as an ox
 dumb as a post
 durable as iron
 dusky as a Negro
 dusty as a barn
 dusty as a tobacco house
 dutiful as a child
 dwarfed as a pigmy
 dynamic as an engine

E

early as sunrise
 earnest as youth
 ears like a donkey
 ears like a fan
 ears like a jackass
 easy as dirt
 easy as drinking soup out of a sluice
 easy as eating

easy as falling off a log
 easy as rolling off a log
 easy as an old shoe
 easy as one and one make two
 easy as shooting
 easy as taking candy from a baby
 easy as trying
 easy as pouring water from a boot
 with the directions written on the
 heel
 easy to lick as a dish
 eats like acid
 eats like box lye
 eats like a bird
 eats like a ditcher
 eats like a glutton
 eats like a pig
 eats like a vulture
 eerie as a graveyard
 elastic as rubber
 elusive as an enemy
 emotionless as a worm
 empty as a sieve
 endless as eternity
 enticing as a decoy
 erect as a soldier
 eternal as God
 eventful as history
 evil as sin
 exacting as Shylock
 exciting as an evening in Paris
 exciting as a wild-West show
 exclusive as a post office
 expansive as the ocean
 expensive as a diamond ring
 expensive as orchids
 expensive as rare perfume
 experimental as science
 explosive as dynamite
 explosive as gunpowder
 expression like a bulldog
 exquisite as a rose
 extensive as the horizon
 extinct as a mastodon
 extreme as the poles
 eye bigger than his belly
 eyes like a cat
 eyes like diamonds
 eyes like dove eyes
 eyes like an eagle

eyes like a lynx
 eyes like hog eyes
 eyes like a hawk

F

fabled as Atlantis
 face like an ape's
 face like a block of granite
 face like a jack-o'-lantern
 faint as the rustle of a petticoat
 fainthearted as a coward
 fair as a bell
 fair as a lily
 fair as a maiden
 fair as a peach blossom
 faithless as a traitor
 famed as Lindbergh
 famous as a hero
 famous as a movie actor
 fantastic as dreams
 far as China
 far as heaven
 far as Kalamazoo
 far as the moon
 far as you can see
 far-reaching as bad news
 fascinating as smoke rings
 fashionable as a model
 fast as an airplane
 fast as a bat out of hell
 fast as a dart
 fast as lightning
 fast as greased lightning
 fast as Mercury
 fast as a race horse
 fast as time
 fast as a train
 fast as a whippet
 fast as the wind
 fat as a butter ball
 fat as a Christmas turkey
 fat as an elephant
 fat as a hen's forehead
 fat as a hog
 fat as mud
 fat as a pig
 fat as a pumpkin
 fat as a tick
 fat as a tub
 fatal as death

fathomless as God's love
 feathery as a goose
 feel like a boiled rag
 feel like the devil
 feels like a millionaire
 feet like a horse
 feet like a suitcase
 feline as a cat
 fell like a limp rag
 fell like a ton of bricks
 fell like a rock
 ferocious as a lion
 fertile as a delta
 fertile as loam
 festive as a wedding
 feverish as a swamp
 flexible as rubber
 fictitious as a story
 fidgety as a worm
 fierce as a tiger
 fiery as a furnace
 fiendish as the devil
 fight like a cat
 fights like the devil
 fight like hell
 fight like a man
 fights like a tiger
 fight like a wildcat
 figure like a guano sack tied in the
 middle
 figure like Venus
 filthy as a buzzard
 filthy as a cesspool
 filthy as dirt
 fine as an aristocrat
 fine as dust
 fine as a fiddle chest
 fine as frog fur
 fine as frog's hair
 fine as a needle
 fine as porcelain
 fine as powder
 fine as silk
 finny as a fish
 fireproof as asbestos
 firm as Gibraltar
 firm as a rock
 fist like a ham
 fits like a glove
 fit like a saddle on a sow's back

flat as a dollar
 flat as a flitter
 flat as a Negro's foot
 flat as a pancake
 flashy as lightning
 fleecy as wool
 fleet as a deer
 fleeting as time
 flexible as a cat
 flexible as rubber
 flighty as a bird
 flimsy as a dishrag
 flinty as stone
 float like a balloon
 float like a barrel
 float like a cork
 float like a feather
 float like a lily
 flopped like a dying duck
 flows like the march of time
 fluffy as whipped cream
 fly like a bird
 fly like a kite
 fly like a pheasant
 foams like soapsuds
 foamy as soapsuds
 foams like soda and vinegar
 foggy as a London night
 foolish as a goon
 foolish as an idiot
 foot like a shoe box
 foot like a sled runner
 footsore as a soldier
 foreign as Greek
 forgiving as a mother
 formal as a diplomat
 formidable as an army
 fought like a cornered rat
 fragile as a flower
 fragrant as a rose
 free as air
 free as a bird
 frenzied as a wild boar
 fresh as a strawberry
 fretful as a baby
 friendly as a sunbeam
 frigid as arctic weather
 frigid as the North Pole
 frisky as a kitten
 frisky as a pony

frothy as beer
 frozen hard as concrete
 full as a Christmas turkey
 full as a goose
 full as a little red wagon
 full of holes as a sifter
 full of wants as an old maid
 funny as a frog
 funny as hell
 fussy as a hen
 fuzzy as a caterpillar
 fuzzy as a peach

G

game as a rooster
 gauzy as a web
 gay as a chipmunk
 gay as a parrot
 gentle as a spring breeze
 gentle as a kitten
 gentle as a lamb
 gentle as lover's caress
 glamorous as a movie star
 glitters like a diamond
 glitters like gold
 glitters like the stars
 gloomy as a graveyard
 glossy as silk
 glossy as velvet
 gnarled as an oak
 good as cake
 good as chicken
 good as a dollar
 good as the fifth wheel on a wagon
 good as pie
 good as the preacher
 good as a saint
 gorgeous as a peach
 gorgeous as the sunset
 gory as battle
 gossipy as an old maid's convention
 grabs like a dog
 graceful as an elephant
 graceful as a swan
 gradual as the slope of a hill
 gray as ashes
 gray as a gander
 gray as a louse
 gray as an opossum
 gray as a rat

gray as the sky
 greasy as a hog
 greasy as lard
 greedy as a glutton
 greedy as Midas
 greedy as a pig
 green as a cucumber
 green as a freshman
 green as a leaf in spring
 green as poison
 green as a shamrock
 grinned like a bull
 grinning like a Cheshire cat
 grins like an opossum
 grizzly as a bear
 grows like a weed
 gruesome as the gallows
 grumpy as an old man
 grunts like a pig
 guilty as sin
 guilty as a thief

H

hair like a horse's mane
 hair like a porcupine
 hair like a raven
 hair like sand
 hairless as a bald man
 hairy as an ape
 hand like a basket
 hand is quicker than the eye
 handsome as a matinee idol
 happy as a barefoot boy in spring
 happy as a jaybird
 happy as a new father
 hard as an anvil
 hard as a biscuit
 hard as a bride's biscuits
 hard as cast iron
 hard as concrete
 hard as a diamond
 hard as a knot
 hard as pig iron
 hard as a rock
 hard as rowing upstream
 hard as a silver dollar
 hard as stone
 hard as a tack
 hard as vinegar
 hard as a walnut

hard to find as a needle in a haystack
hard to see as a green snake in the
grass

hardheaded as a mule

hardy as barley

harmonious as chimes

harmonious as the colors of the
rainbow

harmonious as a musical chord

harried as a rabbit

hateful as the devil

hateful as a wretch

haughty as a queen

head like a balloon

head like a bowl

head like a hammer

head like a cue ball

head like a gourd

head like a peanut

head like a Rock Ford cantaloupe

head like a tack

head shaped like a coconut

heady as old wine

heart like a stone

hearty as a warm handclasp

heavy as a dictionary

heavy as an elephant

heavy as a rock

heavy as a ton of brick

helpless as a newborn babe

high as the Alps

high as the ceiling

high as the clouds

high as the Empire State

high as a Georgia pine

high as a hill

high as the housetops

high as the March winds

high as the man in the moon

high as the moon

high as a mountain

high as the mountains

high as a pine tree

high as the sky

high as a stack pole

high as a standpipe

high-toned as a French maid

hits like a piledriver

hoary as an old man

holds fast as a tick

hollow as a gourd

hollow as a horn

hollow as a log

hollow as a pipe

hollow as a stump

homely as a mud fence

honest as truth

hopeful as an old maid

hops like a frog

horrible as a nightmare

hostile as an enemy

hot as Africa

hot as August

hot as blazes

hot as a desert

hot as the devil

hot as fire

hot as a firecracker

hot as a ginger mill

hot as Hades

hot as if he had a belly full of wasps

hot as a hen in a wool basket

hot as red pepper

hot as a pet parrot

hot as the Sahara

hot as the sun

hot-blooded as a Latin

hovering like bees

humble as a dog

humble as a slave

humorous as a comedy

hungry as a dog

hungry as a hound

hurts like the dickens

hurts like nobody's business

I

idiotic as a loon

ignorant as a baboon

ignorant as a fool

ill as a hornet

ill as an old maid

ill as a wasp

imaginative as a child

immoral as lying

immortal as the soul

immoveable as mountains

impervious as steel

inanimate as stone

inexperienced as a beginner

innumerable as the stars
 instinctive as breathing
 instructive as travel
 intangible as light
 intangible as a verb
 intercollegiate as athletics
 irresponsible as a child

J

jerky as a squirrel
 juicy as an orange
 juicy as a pie
 juicy as a T-bone steak
 jumping as a spider
 jumps like a deer
 jumps like a frog
 jumps like a jack-in-the-box
 jumps like a jack rabbit
 jumps like a kangaroo
 jumps like a rabbit

K

keen as an eagle
 keen as a whip
 keen-sighted as a lynx
 kicked around like an old shoe
 kicks like a mule
 kicks like a Kentucky mule
 kicks dust like an automobile
 kingly as a lion
 kinky as a Negro's head
 kisses like a cow
 knotty as pine

L

lame as a frog
 large as an iceberg
 large as a whale
 lashing as fire
 last no longer than a snowball in hell
 laughs like an ape
 laughs like a fool
 laughs like a hyena
 laughs like a jackass
 laugh like that of a horse
 lazy as a bum
 lazy as a dog
 lazy as a hog
 lazy as a hound
 leaks like a sifter
 legendary as King Arthur

legs like a canary
 legs like a grasshopper
 legs like a mockingbird's
 legs like a piano
 legs like stilts
 legs like a stork
 legs like toothpicks
 legs long as fence rails
 level as a millpond
 level as a plane
 lies like a dog
 lies like a rug
 lifeless as a rug
 light as a balloon
 light as chaff
 light as a drumhead
 light as a javelin
 like a bat out of hell
 like a chip floating in the ocean
 like a duck to water
 like father like son
 like a feather in the breeze
 like a fish out of water
 like as two fried eggs
 like as two peas in a pod
 like two peas in a pod
 like as two peas
 like hunting a needle in a haystack
 like looking for a needle in a haystack
 little as a flea
 little as a mite
 limber as a rag
 limber as a dishrag
 limber as a rope
 limp as a dishrag
 limp as a sack of potatoes
 lips like a nickel's worth of liver
 lips like a tulip
 lonely as a sentinel
 lonesome as a solitary pine
 long as a country mile
 long as an elephant's snout
 long as a fence rail
 long as a freight train
 long as a giraffe's neck
 long-necked as a giraffe
 long as hell
 long as a hundred years
 long as my arm
 long as your arm

long as Pat stayed in the army
 long as a stackpole
 long as a piece of string
 long as a train
 long as the arm of the law
 long-winded as a runner
 looks like an angel
 looks like an ape
 looks like the devil
 look like a dying calf
 looks like a drowned rat
 look like a dying rat
 looks like he just jumped off a
 bandbox
 looks like hell
 looks like a million
 looks like a monkey
 looks like a tramp
 looks like the last rose of summer
 looks like a walking signboard
 loose as the dickens
 loud as a cannon
 loud as dynamite
 loud as the Fourth of July
 loud as a train
 loud as two skeletons wrestling on a
 tin roof
 lousy as a hog
 loves like a mother
 loves like Romeo
 loves water like a duck
 loves water like a fish
 lovely as a flower
 low as a dachshund
 low as a snake
 low down as a snake's belly
 low as they come
 low as a valley
 low as a worm
 low down as a dog
 lucky as a stork
 luminous as a star
 luring as a siren
 luscious as a country maiden
 luscious as a peach

M

mad as a bull
 mad as the devil
 mad as a honeybee

mad as a hornet
 mad as mud
 mad as a setting hen
 mad as an old setting hen
 mad as a wet hen
 maidenly as a virgin
 makes more money than the mint
 mangy as a dog
 matted like wool
 mean as the devil
 mean as dirt
 mean as a dog
 mean as get out
 mean as an outlaw
 mean as a rascal
 mean as a rat
 mean as a rattlesnake
 mean as a snake
 mean as a striped snake
 mean as spite
 mean as they make them
 mean as a wildcat
 meaner than Shylock
 meaty as a nut
 mechanical as a machine
 meek as a lamb
 mellow as the moon
 melodious as chimes
 memory like an elephant
 merciless as time
 merry as old King Cole
 mighty as Goliath
 migratory as birds
 mind like a cesspool
 mischievous as an elf
 mischievous as a goblin
 miscible as oil and water
 modern as tomorrow's newspaper
 modest as a cat
 more kinsfolk than a microbe
 more fun than a barrel of monkeys
 more — than a dog has fleas
 mooches like a leech
 motley as a mob
 mournful as a dove
 mouth like a flytrap
 mouth like Martha Raye
 mouth like Grand Canyon
 much sense as a billy goat
 muddy as can be

muddy as a swamp
 muscles like iron
 muscled as an athlete
 musical as a canary

N

naked as a bird
 naked as a jay
 naked as a picked jay bird
 naked as a shorn sheep
 naked as a stone
 naked as truth
 nasty as a buzzard
 nasty as a pig
 naughty as the devil
 neat as a pin
 neck like a giraffe
 neck like a goose
 nervy as a salesman
 new as the new-mown hay
 nice as a lady
 nice as pie
 nimble as a top
 no bigger than a minute
 noble as a king
 nocturnal as a bat
 noiseless as a fish
 noisier than two skeletons dancing on
 a tin roof
 noisy as a boiler factory
 noisy as a brass band
 noisy as a cricket
 noisy as a jay
 nose like a cherry
 nose like an elephant's snout
 nude as a needle
 numerous as the leaves on the trees
 nuttier than a walnut grove
 nutty as a fruitcake

O

odoriferous as an onion
 odoriferous as a roommate's feet
 offensive as a bad egg
 old as Adam
 old as history
 old as Job's turkey
 old-fashioned as an antique
 old-fashioned as a bustle
 old-fashioned as a mustard plaster

old-fashioned as an old maid
 ominous as the rattle of arms
 oozy as mud
 open as a barn
 open as a door
 ornery as a mule
 out like a light
 out like a lion

P

packed like sardines
 packing as a hard rain
 padded like a cat's foot
 pale as chalk
 pale as cotton
 pale as dirt
 pale as tallow
 pass like ships in the night
 pass like a bat out of a brush heap
 passed like a bat out of Georgia
 passed like a bat out of hell
 patient as Job
 patient as a saint
 peaceful as a dove
 peculiar as a hermit
 perfect as a masterpiece
 perforated as a colander
 perforated as a sponge
 periodic as the moon
 perishable as a flower
 persistent as a salesman
 piercing as pain
 placid as a lake
 plain as black and white
 plain as a daisy
 plain as homespun
 plain as an old shoe
 plain as the nose on your face
 playful as a puppy
 plays like a child
 plays like a dub
 plays like a kitten
 plays like a professional
 pleasant as a dream
 pleasant as spring weather
 pliant as a willow twig
 plump as a fat hen
 pointed as an ice pick
 pointed as a needle
 points like an arrow

pointed as a spear
 poised as a butterfly
 poisonous as arsenic
 poisonous as Paris green
 poisonous as a reptile
 poisonous as a snake
 poisonous as strychnine
 polite as a dude
 polite as a gentleman
 polite as a rooster
 ponderous as an elephant
 poor as a beggar
 poor as a church mouse
 poor as a college boy
 poor as gully dirt
 poor as hell
 poor as a louse
 poor as a pauper
 poor as a skeleton
 poor as a snake
 popped like a whip
 popular as a man at a hen party
 popular as a new girl
 popular as a new song
 potty as a pig
 powerful as dynamite
 precious as a diamond
 precious as gems
 pretty as a doll
 pretty as a June bride
 pretty as the morning dew
 pretty as a new moon
 pretty as a queen
 pretty as a speckled pup
 pretty as a spotted pup
 pretty as a sunset
 pretty as a watch
 preventive as vaccination
 prickly as a rosebush
 prickly as a porcupine
 prissy as a girl
 private as a closet
 proud as a boy with a new toy
 proud as dog in a doublet
 proud as a new papa
 proud as a Roman
 puff like a steam engine
 pull like a tractor
 pully as taffy candy
 pure as an angel

pure as the dew on a rose
 pure as the driven snow
 pure as gold
 pure as snow
 purple as grapes
 purple as a martin
 purrs like a kitten
 pushed like the devil

Q

queer as a sloth
 quick as a cat
 quick as a cricket
 quick as the devil
 quick as the eye
 quick as a gnat
 quick as a hawk
 quick as lightning
 quick as a linnet
 quick as a mouse
 quick as a rabbit
 quick as a shot
 quick as a sneeze
 quick as a squirrel
 quick as a whip
 quicker than a rabbit to his hole
 quiet as a cemetery
 quiet as a church
 quiet as night
 quiet as a Quaker
 quiet as the wilderness

R

radiant as a light beam
 radiant as sunshine
 ragged as a buzzard
 ragged as a scarecrow
 rains like cats and dogs
 rainy as April
 rampant as floodwaters
 ran like a deer
 ran like a shot rabbit
 ran like a streak
 rare as Republicans in South Carolina
 rare as a day in June
 rare as WPA sweat
 rattles like a "Model 'T' Ford"
 rattles like shots in a gourd
 raw as a piece of beef
 read him like a book

reckless as a daredevil
 red as an apple
 red as a cherry
 red as clay
 red as a coal of fire
 red as a polkberry
 red as a spanked baby's rear
 red as a strawberry
 red as sunrise
 red as the sunset
 red as a turkey's snout
 redheaded as a woodpecker
 reflective as a mirror
 regal as a queen
 regional as a tropical storm
 regular as a clock
 regular as the day
 remembers like an elephant
 repellent as a vulture
 resounding as an echo
 restful as sleep
 rich as a banker
 rich as cream
 rich as dirt
 rich as a king
 rides like a centaur
 rides like a wagon
 rides easy as a rocking chair
 ridged as a washboard
 rings like a bell
 rises like yeast
 risky as gambling
 roars like an airplane
 roars like a cannon
 roars like thunder
 rolls like a ball
 roll like a barrel
 roll like a wagon
 romantic as a duel
 rotten as an egg
 rotten as mush
 rough as a bear
 rough as a cave man
 rough as a green persimmon
 rough as the ocean
 rough as pig iron
 rough as a quarry rock
 rough as the Rockies
 rough as sandpaper
 rough as the sea

rough as they make them
 rough as a washboard
 round as a ball
 round as a barrel
 round as a biscuit
 round as a bolt
 round as a butter ball
 round as a button
 round as a doorknob
 round as a cheese
 round as a circle
 round as a dollar
 round as a marble
 round as the moon
 round as an orange
 round as a top
 roving as a nomad
 rude as a villain
 rules like a tyrant
 rumbled like thunder
 rumbling like distant thunder
 rumbled like a train
 runs around like a chicken with its
 head cut off
 runs like a blue streak
 runs like the brook
 runs like a cow
 runs like a deer
 runs like a mowing machine
 runs like a rabbit
 runs like a race horse
 runs like a sawmill
 runs like a scared haunt
 runs like a sewing machine
 runs like a steam engine
 runs like a turkey
 runs like water
 runs like the wind
 rushy as a marsh
 rusty as a nail
 rusty as a plow hoe

S

sad as a dove
 sad as a funeral
 sad as a monk
 safe as a bank
 sail like a hawk
 sainted as a pope
 salty as brine

salty as the ocean
 salty as the sea
 sandy as the desert
 sandy as the seashore
 sane as Caesar
 saucy as a jay bird
 scaly as a fish
 scarce as sweet-smelling skunks
 scrapes like a knife
 scratches like a briar
 see like a cat
 seething like a volcano
 sells like hot cakes
 senseless as iron
 senseless as an ostrich
 shabby as a scarecrow
 shady as a bower
 shaggy as a dog
 shaggy as a poodle
 shakes like a bowl full of jello on a
 frosty morning
 shakes like a bowl of jelly
 shakes like a jitterbug
 shakes like an oak leaf
 shaking like a leaf
 shallow as a saucer
 shallow as soil
 shaped like a camel's back
 shaped like an egg
 shaped like a fan
 sharp as an ax
 sharp as an eagle's beak
 sharp as glass
 sharp as a hawk
 sharp as a knife
 sharp as lightning
 sharp as a needle
 sharp as a peak
 sharp as a pin
 sharp as a splinter
 sharp as a razor blade
 sharp as a tack
 sharp as a thorn
 sharp as a whip
 sharp as a winter wind
 sheds water like a duck's back
 sheer as chiffon
 sheltered as a glen
 shiftless as a tramp
 shines like brass

shines like a diamond
 shines like glass
 shines as gold
 shines like new
 shines like new money
 shines like a new penny
 shines like silver
 shiny as a crystal
 shiny as a cue ball
 shiny as a mirror
 shiny as a Negro's eye
 shiny as a new dollar
 shiny as an old pair of pants
 shiny as the seat of your pants
 shooting like popcorn popping
 short as pie crust
 showery as a day in April
 shrill as a whistle
 shy as a doe
 shy as a fox
 shy as a June bride
 shy as a newborn colt
 shy as a scary mule
 sick as a bloated cow
 sick as a buzzard
 sick as heck
 silent as the coming of night
 silent as the dead
 silent as a mouse
 silent as a shadow
 silent as the wind
 silly as a goose
 silvery as moonbeams
 simple as a ditty
 sings like a bird
 sings like a canary bird
 sings like a fish peddler
 sing like a lark
 sings like a mockingbird
 sings like a nightingale
 sings like a teakettle
 sings like a thrush
 sings like a troubadour
 sinks like a rock
 sinuous as a snake
 sissy as a bachelor
 sissy as a city slicker
 skillful as a beaver
 skin like a baby
 skinny as a flea

skinny as a bean pole
skinny as a rail
skinny as a scarecrow
skinny as a skeleton
sleek as an eel
sleeps like a baby
sleeps soundly as a log
sleeps as a cat
sleepy as a bear in winter
sleepy as the devil
sleepy as a dormouse
sleepy as an owl
slender as a bean pole
slender as a reed
slender as a sapling
slender as a shoestring
slender as a thread
slick as a banana peel
slick as a button
slick as a duck's back
slick as an eel
slick as a fish
slick as glass
slick as goose grease
slick as a greased Negro
slick as a greased pig
slick as a greased pole
slick as ice
slick as a mole's skin
slick as a peeled onion
slick as a snake in the grass
slick as soap
slick as a soap maker's door string
slick as wax
slim as a skeleton
slim as a reed
slimy as a catfish
slimy as okra
slimy as a snake
slippery as an eel
slippery as glass
slippery as grease
sloppy as mud
sloppy as a pig
slow as Christmas
slow as a dunce
slow as ever was
slow as the itch
slow as the seven-year itch
slow as a funeral procession

slow as Job's turkey
slow as molasses
slow as molasses in winter
slow as an ox
slow as a poky moonshine
slow as a tortoise
slow as a train through Arkansas
slow as a turtle
slow as Stepin Fetchit in slow motion
small as a needle's eye
small as a midget
small as a minute
small as a peanut
small as a pigmy
small as a pinhead
small as a red bug
small as a sparrow
smart as a briar
smart as a cricket
smart as a dollar
smart as Einstein
smart as a pin
smart as a whipsaw
smells like a dog
smells like a glue factory
smell like a goat
smells like new-mown hay
smells like perfume
smells like a pig
smells like a polecat
smells like powder
smells like a skunk
smells like something dead
smells sweet as a rose
smelly as a fish
smelly as a pipe
a smile like a Madonna's
smokes like a furnace
smoke like a steam engine
smooth as a baby's face
smooth as a baby's skin
smooth as clockwork
smooth as a kitten's ear
smooth as paper
smooth as a plane
smooth as satin
smooth as still water
smooth as a waltz
snapped like a jacksnapper
sneaking as a dog

sneaking as a hound
 sniffs like a bloodhound
 snores like a buzz saw
 snores like a sawmill
 snorts like a running mule
 soared like an eagle
 sober as a Quaker
 soft as an angel's wing
 soft as a baby's skin
 soft as a breeze
 soft as butter
 soft as cat feet
 soft as chamois skin
 soft as cotton
 soft as cushion
 soft as down
 soft as jello
 soft as a jellyfish
 soft as lead
 soft as a lullaby
 soft as muslin
 soft as a peach
 soft as putty
 soft as quicksand
 soft as rabbit fur
 soft as rubber
 soft as snow
 soft as falling snow
 soft as a sponge
 solemn as a statue
 solid as a brick
 solid as a dollar
 solid as a silver dollar
 solid as Gibraltar
 solid as granite
 solid as a rock
 sore as a boil
 sorry as the devil
 sorry as a dog
 sorry as a tramp
 sought for as the Fountain of Youth
 sound as a lightwood knot
 sound as a dollar
 sound as a silver dollar
 sour as a crab apple
 sour as grapes
 sour as a green apple
 sour as hell
 sour as kraut
 sour as a lemon

sour as an old maid
 sour as an old maid's frown
 sour as a pickle
 sour as vinegar
 sparkling as champagne
 sparkling as a glass of champagne
 sparkles like a diamond
 speckled as a guinea
 speckled as a guinea egg
 speckled as a trout
 speckled as a turkey egg
 spoiled as a brat
 spongy as moss
 spotted as a leopard
 spreading as chickweed
 spreads like measles
 spry as a cricket
 spry as a mouse
 square as a cube
 square as a box
 squashy as soft mud
 squeaks like a wagon that needs
 greasing
 squeaky as new shoes
 squeals like a pig
 squeal like a mouse
 stamps like a sheep
 stands like a sentinel
 stands out like a sore thumb
 stands like a statue
 staple as cotton
 startling as thunder
 stately as a duchess
 stay as long as Pat stayed in the army
 steep as a hill
 sticks like cement
 sticks out like a bumper
 sticks like glue
 stick like a leech on a log
 sticky as dough
 sticky as molasses
 sticky as mud
 sticky as syrup
 sticks like tar
 stiff as crinoline
 stiff as a mule's tail
 stiff as a plank
 stiff as a porcupine's quills
 stiff as a rail
 still as death

still as a knot on a log
 still as the night
 stings like a bee
 stingy as a Jew
 stingy as a miser
 stingy as a Scotchman
 stinks like a buzzard
 stinks like a dog
 stinks like a fish
 stinks like guano
 stinks like hell
 stinks like a rotten egg
 stinks like a skunk
 stout as a bull
 stout as a stick
 straggly as a wet hen
 straight as an arrow
 straight as a beeline
 straight as a black snake's path
 straight as a bullet
 straight as gun barrel
 straight as a martin to his gourd
 straight as a nail
 straight as a pin
 straight as a poker
 straight as a rail
 straight as a soldier
 straight as a statue
 straight as a stick
 straight as two rows of corn
 strange as science
 stranger than fiction
 stretch like rubber
 strict as the army
 strong as acid
 strong as an ape
 strong as Atlas
 strong as a bow
 strong as cowhide
 strong as an elephant
 strong as a fortress
 strong as a giant
 strong as Gibraltar
 strong as hell
 strong as a horse
 strong as lye
 strong as a mule
 strong as steel
 strong as whiskey
 stubborn as a bull

stubborn as a gatepost
 stubborn as a hen
 stubborn as a jackass
 stubborn as an ox
 studious as a scholar
 stuffed as a Christmas turkey
 stupid as an ass
 sturdy as a battleship
 sturdy as an oak
 sturdy as the rock of Gibraltar
 suggestive as a wink
 supple as a cat
 sure as the day is long
 sure as poison
 sure as you are born
 sure as the world
 sway like flowers in the wind
 swears like a mule skinner
 swears like a pirate
 swears like a trooper
 swears like a sailor
 sweating like a nigger at election
 sweet as an angel
 sweet as apple cider
 sweet as cider
 sweet as dew from a rose
 sweet as a kiss
 sweet as a lullaby
 sweet as new-mown hay
 sweet as molasses
 sweet as nectar
 sweet as a peach
 sweet as a song
 sweet as wine
 swift as an antelope
 swift as a bird
 swift as a bullet
 swift as a deer
 swift as an eagle
 swift as a hare
 swift as a hummingbird
 swift as a meteor
 swift as a shot
 swift as a swallow
 swims like a brick
 swims like a fish
 swims like a mermaid
 swims like a rock
 swings like a barn door
 swings like a gate

swings like a rusty gate
 swings like a washwoman

T

take off like Snyder's pup
 takes in gossip like a sponge takes
 in water

takes to water like a duck
 talks like a Dutch uncle to a sick pig
 talks like an idiot
 talks like a mowing machine
 talks like a parrot
 talks like a phonograph
 talk like a pirate
 talkative as a clam
 talkative as a parrot
 talkative as a politician
 tall as a pole
 tall as a bean pole
 tall as a giant
 tall as a giraffe
 tall as a stack pole
 tame as a dove
 tame as a kitten
 tart as a lemon
 tastes like firewater
 tawny as a lion's skin
 tell more lies than I can
 temper like a parrot
 temperamental as a chef
 temperamental as a prima donna
 tender as a baby's skin
 tender as chicken
 tender as a dove
 tender as a mother's love
 tender as a porterhouse steak
 terrifying as a hurricane
 thick as flies
 thick as glass
 thick as glue
 thick as molasses
 thick as mud
 thick as mush
 thick as peas in a pod
 thick as syrup
 thick as tar
 thick as your foot
 thick as weeds
 thin as a bean pole
 thin as a dime

thin as a hair
 thin as paper
 thin as a rake
 thin as a ramrod
 thin as tissue
 thin as tissue paper
 thin as a veil
 thirsty as a camel
 thrifty as a squirrel
 ticks like a clock
 tight as a clam
 tight as a drum
 tight as a jail
 tight as a Jew
 tight as a jug
 tight as a judge
 tight as a noose
 tight as a Scotchman
 tight as a tick
 tight as wax
 tight as a wedge
 timid as a ground hog
 timid as a lamb
 timid as a rabbit
 tinkled like a bell
 tiny as an ant
 tiny as an atom
 tiny as an infant
 tired as a dog
 tones like a bell
 toothless as an old maid
 touchous as your eye
 tough as beefsteak
 tough as the Bronx
 tough as catgut
 tough as an elephant
 tough as a gorilla
 tough as haywire
 tough as hickory
 tough as a hickory stick
 tough as a mule
 tough as pig iron
 tough as a pine knot
 tough as a prize fighter
 tough as steel
 traitorous as Judas
 treacherous as a snake
 treacherous as an Apache
 treated like a dog
 tremble like a leaf

tricky as a monkey
 trim as a model
 trots like a horse
 true as an arrow
 true as an arrow to its mark
 true as blue
 true as the Bible
 true as the day is long
 true as the morning sunrise
 true as a plumb

U

ugly as a bulldog
 ugly as a burned maul
 ugly as a duck
 ugly as a hog
 ugly as a homemade fence
 ugly as homemade soap
 ugly as homemade thunder
 ugly as a horned toad
 ugly as I am
 ugly as a monkey
 ugly as mud
 ugly as a mud barn
 ugly as a mud fence
 ugly as a mud fence daubed with
 misery
 ugly as a Negro
 ugly as an old maid
 ugly as homemade sin
 ugly as a witch
 uncertain as a woman driver
 uncomfortable as flannel underwear
 undermining as a weak bridge
 unpleasant as green persimmons
 unsinkable as the Titanic
 upright as a deacon
 useful as an eraser
 useful as knowledge
 useless as a bump on a log
 useless as a drone
 useless as last year's calendar
 useless as an umbrella in the desert
 useless as yesterday's newspaper

V

vaporous as a fog
 velvety as mole's fur
 vicious as a lion
 vicious as a tiger

vicious as a wolf
 vital as the heart
 voice like a bird
 voice like a foghorn
 voice like a nightingale
 voice like rain on a tin roof
 voice like the rasp of a file
 vomit like a buzzard

W

walks like a duck
 walks like an elephant
 walks like a farmer
 walks like a mule
 wanton as Byron
 warm as dishwater
 warm as milk
 warm as an oven
 warning as smoke
 warning as the sound of a rattlesnake
 waterless as chaff
 watery as a blister
 weak as dirt
 weak as a flea
 weak as a new-born babe
 weak as tea
 weak-minded as a dotard
 weird as a ghost
 welcome as money from home
 welcome as rain in a dry season
 welcome as spring
 went out like a lamb
 wet as the dew
 wet as a hen
 wet as a rat
 wet as a millpond
 wet as water
 white as cotton
 white as a cotton patch
 white as hoarfrost
 white as a lily
 white as pearls
 white as sugar
 wiggly as a wiggle-tail
 wholesome as milk
 wicked as the devil
 wicked as a felon
 wicked as Jezebel
 wide as a fish's mouth
 wide as the ocean

wide as the sea
 wild as a bull
 wild as a goose
 wild as an Indian
 wild as a jack rabbit
 wild as a loose horse
 wild as a March hare
 wild as a wet hen
 wilted as a starched collar in the
 summer
 windy as March
 windy as a March day
 winsome as a pretty girl
 wise as a fox
 wise as Jupiter
 wobbly as a duck
 woolly as a sheep
 wonderful as a miracle
 works like an ant
 works like clockwork
 work like the devil
 works like a dog
 work like fighting fire
 works like a slave
 works like a machine

works like a Turk
 worth as much as a tinker's dam
 worthless as a bauble
 worthless as a plugged nickel
 worthless as tin
 wrinkled as an orange
 wrinkled as a prune
 writing looks like a hen's scratching

Y

yellow as butter
 yellow as a buttercup
 yellow as cheese
 yellow as a coyote
 yellow as a dog
 yellow as gold
 yellow as the moon
 yellow as a pumpkin
 yellow as straw
 yellow as a suck-egg hound
 yellow as a sunflower
 yellow as a weasel
 yells like a panther
 young as a spring chicken

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NOTES ON THE REPERTOIRE OF THE NEW MEXICAN SPANISH FOLKTHEATER

by John E. Englekirk

The beginnings of the New Mexican Spanish folktheater stem from the very ceremonies with which the conqueror don Juan de Oñate took possession of the new land in the name of his God and his king on the banks of the Río Grande somewhere near the present site of El Paso, Texas. In his epic account of the Oñate expedition, Villagrà tells how on the evening of that eventful day of April 30, 1598, that first band of future New Mexicans gathered about to witness the performance of what was to be perhaps the first play ever presented in this country. It was a drama written by one of their own number, a Captain Farfán, that pictured the advent of the friars to New Mexico. We know little more save that the soldiers themselves took part in it and that it was performed out in the open under the trees.¹ Villagrà tells us nothing further about the soldier-dramatist Farfán, but we should be grateful for this brief note that informs us that with that first band of colonists came not only the epic poet himself but also one devoted to the dramatic muse, that they brought with them not only their animals and supplies but also some of the adornments of the culture of their time.

The accounts of those early years yield one other interesting bit on the cultural pursuits of the colonists, and especially on their love of the dramatic. The Oñate expedition moved up the Río Grande to where the Chama river flows into it from the west. There they founded their first capital which they called San Juan de los Caballeros and there they built the first church in New Mexico. It was upon the occasion of the dedication of that church on September 8, 1598, that the conquerors regaled and impressed the Indians of the region with the age-old Spanish pageant-drama, *Moros y Cristianos*, in which Christian knights, after a long, uncertain battle, finally put to rout the forces of the infidels. It is well that we have a record of that performance attesting to the fact that this old Spanish drama, which, as we know, spread rapidly and early over the entire Spanish-speaking world, was enacted too in the valley of the Río Grande by that pioneer band.²

¹ Gaspar Pérez de Villagrà, *History of New Mexico*, translated by Gilbertó Espinosa, Los Angeles, The Quivira Society, 1933, p. 129.

² Hammond and Donnelly, *The Story of New Mexico*, Albuquerque, The University of New Mexico Press, 1936, p. 61. Villagrà mentions too the presentation of another original play: "There were tilting matches, bull-fights, and a comedy which was especially composed for the occasion, together with many Moorish and Christian games." See Espinosa's translation, p. 149.

This auspicious beginning in the recorded history of the New Mexican folktheater ends, however, with these two tempting facts. We have no documentary evidence concerning the introduction and the performance of religious plays by the missionaries in their efforts to evangelize the natives.³ The period of great missionary activity from 1610, the probable date of the founding of Santa Fe, to 1680, the year of the Pueblo Rebellion, is only now beginning to open up after years of research in the archives of Mexico City and Seville, but so far as I know, the record thus far uncovered for that era adds not one single item to our knowledge of the growth and spread of the popular theater. Nor does the 18th century yield anything on our subject. It is only at the very close of the colonial era, when the news of Iturbide's triumphal entry into Mexico City reached the far-away provincial capital of Santa Fe three months later, that we find further evidence for the existence of a popular theater. The news of independence was hailed with a long celebration that "culminated in an all-day fiesta on January 6th (1822)—a central feature of which was an allegorical drama staged under the corridor of the palace of the governors. . . ." ⁴ There is, unfortunately, nothing more and we only venture to add that in view of the short notice given the players and in view, too, of the day itself, the drama then presented must have been a familiar and a popular one and in all probability one befitting the religious significance of the day.

The journals of the early Anglo traders and travelers who came down into New Mexico over the Santa Fe Trail contain much of great interest on the life and customs of the Spanish-speaking peoples of the mesa country but throw no light whatsoever on the state of the folktheater. The several histories of Protestant missions that tell of the zealous labors of the new emissaries of God who entered the territory early after annexation in order to "liberate" the souls of their new fellow citizens, make no mention of a popular theater of any kind, nor do they even so much as allude to "medieval mystery plays" taught the humble natives by the missionary fathers of the rival church.

The first mention and documentary evidence of a popular religious theater in the state appears in the now classic volume, *Los Pastores*,

³ Campa cites no authority for his statement: "The accounts given by the early missionaries all mention the writing of similar plays. . . ." *Spanish Religious Folktheater in the Southwest (First Cycle)*, Albuquerque, The University of New Mexico Bulletin, vol. 5, no. 1, 1934, p. 12.

⁴ Bloom and Donnelly, *New Mexico History and Civics*, Albuquerque, The University Press, 1933, p. 168.

of M. R. Cole in which he transcribes, with commentary and with English translation, a Mexican nativity play performed in Rio Grande City, Texas, during Christmas of 1891. In Appendix III of his study, Cole reproduces a New Mexican version of the play communicated by Honora De Busk, who saw it performed at San Rafael, New Mexico, on Christmas Eve of 1899, and who wrote in part concerning it:

"The accompanying version of *Los Pastores* was copied from an old manuscript volume treasured by one of the men of San Rafael, and used by many communities throughout that section. It had been in his family for generations, and he was not sure where it came from originally, but thought it came from Spain. . . ." ⁵

A quarter of a century was to pass, however, before anyone would make any serious attempt to collect and to study this rapidly-disappearing religious drama of the Spanish-speaking folk of New Mexico.

The year 1907 is a memorable one in the history of the popular theater, for it brought to light another type of New Mexican folk play that is to this day one of the very few plays in the Spanish language indigenous to the state. It is the well-known, anonymous, historic action-drama, *Los Comanches*,⁶ that was edited by Aurelio M. Espinosa from a manuscript then in possession of Amado Chaves of Santa Fe.⁷ Espinosa states in his introductory study that it must have been written around 1780. The editor was at the time professor of Spanish at the University of New Mexico and his study signals the beginning of the university's interest in the folklore of the state.

Aside from an increasing number of references and allusions to the popular theater by folklorist and layman alike as interest in it grows apace and in addition to several general articles written about it—most of which came from Mary Austin's pen,⁸ there is little added to our real knowledge of this folktheater until after 1933, when several publications make available for the first time the texts of seven more plays of the New Mexican Spanish repertoire. Two of these publications were prepared by Arthur L. Campa of the Univer-

⁵ M. R. Cole. *Los Pastores*, Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1907, p. 211.

⁶ Aurelio M. Espinosa. *Los Comanches*, Albuquerque, The University of New Mexico Bulletin, vol. I, no. 1, 1907, pp. 5-46.

⁷ The only manuscript copy of *Los Comanches* that I have seen is that of Ricardo Archuleta (age 69) of Cerro.

⁸ See her: "Native Drama in Our Southwest," *Nation*, CXXIV, Apr. 20, 1927, pp. 437-40; "Native Drama in New Mexico," *Theatre Arts Monthly*, XIII, Aug., 1929, pp. 561-67; "Folk Plays of the Southwest," *Theatre Arts Monthly*, XVII, Aug., 1933, pp. 599-610.

sity of New Mexico under the general heading of *Spanish Religious Folktheater in the Southwest* and published in the University bulletin series. The first number contains the plays *Adán y Eva* and *Cain y Abel*, and the second contains *Coloquio de San José*, *Coloquio de Pastores*, *Auto de los Reyes Magos*, and *El Niño Perdido*.⁸ The last-mentioned play was also edited, and translated, that same year by Mary R. Van Stone and E. R. Sims from a manuscript other than the one used by Campa.⁹ And finally, in 1935 Mary R. Van Stone and Louise Morris edited, translated, and illustrated in part a Santa Fe version of *Los Pastores*,¹⁰ with which publication the documentary history of the New Mexican folktheater comes to a close.

There are available at present three collections of typed or mimeographed copies of these plays, the most important of which is that of the University of New Mexico. This collection contains some 20 odd plays that range in character from the old action-drama of *Moros y Cristianos* to the 19th century Mexican romantic drama of Calderón, *Hermán o La vuelta del cruzado*, whose folkloric history in New Mexico I have traced recently in another paper.¹¹ About a third of the collection, however, is comprised of closely-related variants of the nativity or *pastores* play. It is to be regretted that, save in rare instances when copies were made from those of another collector, as, for example, in the case of the one taken from Mary Austin's version of *Los pastores*, or when several copies came from a common manuscript source, as in the case of the Próspero S. Baca manuscripts of Bernalillo, there is no information given concerning either the informants or the origin, probable date, and condition of the manuscripts from which these copies were made.

A more recent and increasingly-important collection is that being gathered under the auspices of the Federal Writers Project—directed at first by Ina Siza Cassidy and since 1939 by Mrs. Aileen Nusbaum—and housed in the headquarters building at 418 College Street, Santa Fe. It differs from the University collection mainly in that it contains several additional variants of the *pastores* play, principal among which are the so-called "Agua Fría" and the "Las Vegas"

⁸ Arthur L. Campa. *Spanish Religious Folktheatre in the Southwest (First Cycle)*, Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Bulletin, vol. 5, no. 1, 1934, pp. 5-16; *ibid.* (*Second Cycle*), vol. 5, no. 2, 1934, pp. 5-157.

⁹ *Spur-of-the-Cock*, Austin, Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, Number XI, 1933, pp. 48-89.

¹⁰ *Los Pastores*, Cleveland, Gates Press, 1933.

¹¹ See my article "Fernando Calderón en el teatro popular nuevo-mexicano", to appear in the *Memorias* volume of the Second Congress of the Instituto Internacional de Literatura Iberoamericana.

versions. Information concerning the source of these plays is likewise wanting or inadequate in most cases.

The third collection of some fewer than a dozen plays is in the State Museum Library at Santa Fe. All but one of these are *pastores* variants, among which are to be found the original Mary Austin copy and the Van Stone translation of the "Agua Fria" version. Again, one finds little or no information regarding their source.

My active interest in the New Mexican Spanish folktheater dates from my recognition over two years ago of the anonymous *La vuelta del cruzado* of the University of New Mexico collection as a copy of the well-known Mexican drama of Fernando Calderón, the full correct title of which is *Hermán o La vuelta del cruzado*. My curiosity was immediately aroused as to the possibilities of uncovering some additional information on the popular history of this celebrated romantic drama by checking the copy with the manuscript and the published versions of the play and by questioning the owner of the manuscript. I tell the story of my findings in the paper cited above. One investigation led to another until I became firmly convinced that it would not be as difficult a task as had been alleged to date, approximately at least, and to ascribe to their authors, not a few of the plays that at that time constituted the known repertoire. It is not my purpose to treat this problem here, for it remains still very much of a problem with respect to several of the plays. My only intention now is to throw further light on the character and number of plays in the folktheater and to give some idea of their popularity and spread. No such attempt has as yet been made. It has been generally known for many years, for example, that the *pastores* type of play is quite common all over the state, and investigators and collections alike attest to the many versions and different titles under which it may be found.¹² But no one has made an effort to trace the spread and development of these *pastores* variants or to canvass the entire field thoroughly in an effort to ascertain how many plays have at some time or other formed a part of the popular theater.

The area of the state that I have covered thus far is roughly the Río Grande Valley north from San Marcial to the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado, with exploratory trips out to Gallup, to Mora and Las Vegas and all communities lying in between. My information was obtained from some 60 informants who ranged from 45 to 98 years in age. I examined some 70 manuscripts in all and know of the whereabouts of some 45 others to which for one reason or

¹² Cf. Campa, *op. cit.* (Second Cycle), p. 9.

another I was unable to gain access at the time. It happened not infrequently that a manuscript had been carried off by some one of the owner's immediate family or by some close friend to be copied in some distant place and to be returned later. I would have been at some loss to obtain one manuscript, for example, that I was especially anxious to examine, since it is one of the few copies of the Magi play that I have been able to locate. When I finally reached the owner's home in Cleveland, near Mora, I learned that the father had died some 20 years before and that the play was now with the son who had gone out to Wyoming to work on a ranch. Some day some one may pick up a very garbled version of the play in that distant spot and marvel at the age, vitality, popularity, and spread of this old Mexican drama!

Of the total collected number of plays—not all of which it will be remembered are in any one place and for very few of which we have any information concerning their source—I was unable to locate manuscript copies of *Moros y Cristianos* and of a *pastores* play in the University of New Mexico collection entitled *La pastorela*.¹³ Nor was I able to find anything but what might be called remote variants of the following: *Coloquio de San José*—for which see the Campa bulletin,¹⁴ and *Camino de la pastorela*—the only copy of which is in the Federal Writers Project collection. Furthermore, these two variants to which I have just referred—the first of which is entitled *Los pastores* and is from Grants, the second is entitled *Coloquio de gracias de los Selos (sic) de San José* and is from Rowe—are virtually unknown, or forgotten, in their respective regions and do not seem ever to have enjoyed any extended popular life. I did, however, find a copy of the latter in Santa Fe under the title of *Pastorela u [sic] El Nacimiento de Cristo*, with the following subtitles for the two parts that constitute the play: "Los pastores grandes" and "Los pastores chiquitos". It was from Part Two of this play that Mary Austin made her copy, from which in turn was taken the one in the University of New Mexico collection.

In addition to the two remote variants just mentioned, I located three other religious plays not included in any of the collections or mentioned in any of the studies. One of these is a *Guadalupe* play

¹³ Call number is 862 P26. Nor was I able to obtain even so much as a clue as to the whereabouts of *La Pasión* cited by Campa, *op. cit.* (*Second Cycle*), p. 5. It is not, so far as I know, in the University of New Mexico collection. Of course, both of these plays may come from a part of the state I have not yet covered.

¹⁴ *Op. cit.* (*Second Cycle*), pp. 11-54.

that is centered in the region around Rowe, San José, and Villanueva. The theme is, of course, the same as that of the several other *Guadalupe* plays already known to exist in the state¹⁵ and the same, too, as that of countless other plays written in Mexico since the glorification of the four miraculous appearances of the Virgin to the Indian Juan Diego almost four centuries ago. I did not manage to see the manuscript, but I did locate what proved to be one of the very few printed sources of New Mexican folk plays still to be found. It was in Villanueva late one evening in June, 1939, while I was awaiting the return of a prospective informant who was coming in from the range, that the wife and daughter, after much rummaging among their effects in the attic, finally produced a cheap, shabby edition of the play entitled *Las cuatro apariciones de la Virgen de Guadalupe* that forms part of a longer work called *Opúsculo Guadalupano*, which the owner himself had sent for from the Librería de Quiroga of San Antonio, Texas.¹⁶ Braulio Lucero, the owner and informant, claimed that it was this same play that Sarapio Tafoya of San José had presented in Villanueva some years before.

The second find was an entirely new, independent variant of the *pastores* play. I have classified it in my files as the "Abeyta" version. It is the most popular nativity play of the Río Grande Valley between Socorro and Albuquerque. I have not found it elsewhere in the state.

The third play is known only in Cubero and San Mateo. It resembles *Las Posadas* in that it, too, moves from house to house. I was told that there is no manuscript since the characters and scenes are apparently lifted directly from Holy Scripture. The play is known as *El Depósito* and seems not to have been enacted for some years. My informant¹⁷ was able to provide me with only a few precise facts. One point, in particular, about which she seemed reasonably sure was that the play was put on for the benefit of the church under the direction of the priest and that as it unfolded before house

¹⁵ See the University of New Mexico copy of the *Coloquio de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* and the one prepared by Aurora Lucero-White called *Las cuatro apariciones de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe al indio Juan Diego*.

¹⁶ The author is Pbro. José Z (eferino) de la Peña. In addition to the play the work contains two tracts entitled: "¿Quién es la Virgen de Guadalupe?" and "¿Por qué creo en la Virgen de Guadalupe?" Sweeping generalizations and gross misstatements such as the following made by Mary Austin (*Theatre Arts Monthly*, XVII, Aug., 1933, pp. 602-03) are characteristic of most studies written thus far on the New Mexican Spanish folktheater: "... the official drama (of the Guadalupe play) was written in 1600 by D. José Z. de la Peña, of which the others are mainly abbreviated versions."

¹⁷ Petra R. Daily of Cubero.

after house throughout the community, people were expected to make a contribution—whence the name of the play.

Before speaking of the secular drama, I should like to state briefly my findings concerning the number and spread of the more popular of the religious plays. First of all, contrary to the general belief that there are many different *pastores* plays and numerous independent variants, I find that in the entire northern region from San Marcial up into the San Luis Valley of Colorado there are only eight in all that may be classified not as distinctly separate plays but as relatively independent variants.¹⁸ And of these eight, I have found that only four have ever enjoyed anything approaching a fairly widespread popular existence.¹⁹ I should add further that these four may well be reduced to three since the poorest and shortest play of the group is nothing but a truncated variant of the best known of these shepherd plays. This truncated variant stems directly from the so-called "Agua Fría" and "Las Vegas" versions²⁰ — the least altered of all the *pastores* plays. It consists fundamentally of the last two acts of these variants and is the only shepherd play known in the entire region north of Santa Fe and in the San Luis Valley and border towns of southern Colorado. Place is mistaken in speaking of the "comparative inaccessibility in these or other versions" of the two shepherd plays he describes of the southern Colorado region.²¹ It should be stated here that his two plays are in reality nothing but garbled versions of this one play of which I am speaking: his "y" manuscript is but a badly garbled and truncated version or copy of his "x" manuscript, and of both copies, especially of the latter, one

¹⁸ Cf. Campa, *op. cit.* (*Second Cycle*), p. 5: "At least eight independent plays dealing with the Nativity are known throughout the state of New Mexico under the name of *Pastorelas*. Cf., too, *op. cit.* (*First Cycle*), p. 13: "Various studies have been made of fragments of these plays as well as of isolated variants, but in all cases a common error is made in considering all *Pastorelas* as the same play, and furthermore that they can be played at any date during the season. After studying thirty of them, it is easily seen that the cycle is built around the Spanish Christmas season which begins on the sixteenth of December and continues through the eighth [*sic*] of January." (Italics are mine.) Adwin C. Munroe, in a thesis for the M.A. degree presented at the University of New Mexico in June, 1940, is the first investigator to make a parallel study of these *pastores* plays. His findings and conclusions with respect to the number of "distinctly separate plays" and of "relatively independent variants" corroborate mine in every essential detail. Cf. pp. 40, 69-71.

¹⁹ I have already commented on the obscurity of the four other shepherd plays: *La Pastorela*, *Camino de la pastorela*, *Coloquio de San José*, and *Coloquio de gracias de los Selos* [*sic*] de San José. See *supra*, pp. 8-9.

²⁰ See *supra*, p. 6.

²¹ "A Group of Mystery Plays Found in a Spanish-Speaking Region of Southern Colorado." The University of Colorado Studies, vol. 18, no. 1, Aug., 1930, pp. 1-8.

may find many manuscripts in the field, not to mention copies in the State Museum Library and in the University of New Mexico collection. The play is essentially the same as Place describes it in speaking of his "x" manuscript, *Las Posadas* usually preceding and forming an integral part of the performance.

Of the two remaining shepherd plays that are fairly popular, one is the already-mentioned "San Rafael" version gathered by Honora De Busk,²² which is centered very definitely in the region west of Albuquerque from Cubero to the Arizona border,²³ and the other is the "Abeyta" version of which I spoke but a moment ago.²⁴

Other religious plays that enjoyed considerable popularity, but that have been definitely localized, are *El niño perdido* and *El auto de los Reyes Magos*. The former is to be found only in the region from Taos north to Conejos and San Luis in southern Colorado.²⁵ The latter is of the same region but has crossed over into the Mora Valley and on to Las Vegas. There is, of course, the Baca version,²⁶ but Baca took his copy from the manuscript of Epifanio Espinosa of Cleveland²⁷ sometime in 1903 or 1904,²⁸ and he claims that he has never presented the play either in Las Vegas or in Bernalillo.

I was unable to locate any other manuscript of *Adán y Eva* save two copies made from the Baca version.²⁹ Needless to add, the play has only had a few scattered performances. The only copy of *Cain y Abel* I could find was that of Baca.³⁰ The play is absolutely unknown. Baca has never presented it and he has never seen it put on by another. Furthermore, we know the author and have the

²² See *supra*, p. 4.

²³ Campa does not say where his version of this same play is from. See *op. cit.* (*Second Cycle*), pp. 55-94.

²⁴ See *supra*, p. 10.

²⁵ Mary R. Van Stone and E. R. Sims made their copy and translation of the play from a manuscript in the State Museum Library. (*Op. cit.*, p. 50.) The play is not known in Santa Fe, however. It is true that some years ago it was staged there, but by a troupe from Taos. Mrs. Van Stone speaks, too, of "other versions" in Albuquerque. The only "Albuquerque" version is that published by Campa in his *op. cit.*, (*Second Cycle*), pp. 121-154, which was taken from the manuscript of Julián Tenorio of Taos.

²⁶ See Campa, *op. cit.* (*Second Cycle*), pp. 95-120.

²⁷ Cf. *supra*, p. 8.

²⁸ The Baca copy I have seen is dated at the end of Act 2 as follows: "6/26-17. P. S. B. L. V. N. M." This is obviously a transcription from an earlier copy.

²⁹ See Campa, *op. cit.* (*First Cycle*), pp. 19-48. Campa is in error in stating that the play was dated at Bernalillo in 1893. The Baca manuscript of the play is dated twice, as follows: (1) at the end of Act I, "Bernalillo, N. M., Agosto 12, 1924", and (2) at the end of the play, "Nov. 17-24. P. S. B. Bernalillo, N. M."

³⁰ See Campa, *op. cit.* (*First Cycle*), pp. 49-69.

exact date of composition of the play.³¹ Baca's copy is signed and dated: "Copiado por P. S. Baca. Enero 6 A. D. 1923. Las Vegas, New Mexico. Dia Sabado en la noche, 8 p. m.," and is only once removed from the printed edition of 1898.³²

Of the secular plays that attained to some popularity in the past, there are but two that are still remembered and occasionally performed over a considerable portion of the central and northern part of the state. These are *Los comanches* and *Los matachines*. I have already commented on the fact that copies of the former are practically non-existent and I do not know of any performance of this play in recent years. The latter is said to be the "earliest version of dance drama done by Mexican Indians in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe".³³ The entire drama is enacted in the pantomime of the dance movements; there are no speaking roles. It is still being played throughout most of the state.

From the late eighties until the early twenties there were two centers of unusual dramatic activity in the state: one in Santa Fe and the other in Las Vegas. Fortunately, we still have access to the manuscript collections³⁴ of most of the plays that constituted the repertoire of the two principal groups of players responsible for that period of greatest activity in the history of the popular secular theater. There were 23 in all for which we have manuscript copies today. The greater number of them are short comic skits or *sainetes* that were copied in most cases directly from the printed page. In only a few instances did the copyist ascribe the play to its author. It is apparent, however, that most of the plays were written by Mexican dramatists, that one at least belongs to the Spanish peninsular theater, and that not one is native to the state. I have told elsewhere all I could possibly find out about the popular history of these plays.³⁵ Suffice it to say here that most of them were performed at least once and that not a few of them, among which we should call attention especially to *La vuelta del cruzado*, *El payo de Guadalajara*,

³¹ Constancio S. Suárez, a prolific, late-19th century writer of religious plays. The play was printed in 1898 by the well-known publisher of popular literature, Antonio Vanegas Arroyo of Mexico City.

³² Baca says that he made his copy from the manuscript of S. Tafoya of Las Vegas, which copy was taken from the book.

³³ See *Matachina*, U N M: 970, 6M411.

³⁴ Copies of a few of these plays are to be found in the University of New Mexico collection, principal among which are: *La vuelta del cruzado*, *Una lluvia de ingleses*, and *Entremés de don Bonifacio y Mariquita Piojo*.

³⁵ See my "Fernando Calderón en el teatro popular nuevomexicano", to appear in the *Memorias* volume cited above.

Una llave y un sombrero, and *Una lluvia de ingleses*, became popular favorites and were actually taken out on tour. Carmen Esquivel (age 59) of San José still remembers, for example, the fine performance of *El payo de Guadalajara* put on by the Baca troupe on one of its tours out of Las Vegas in the opening years of the century. But in the early twenties these local empresarios were confronted with an anonymous, novel competitor who soon won over the applause and support of their hitherto enthusiastic public: the New Mexican Spanish folktheater, too, bowed before the silent screen. Since that day it is only the "die-hard" *aficionado* who is courageous enough to attempt an occasional performance of some secular play. The religious theater alone retains some of the popular attraction of yesterday, but it, too, has had to yield to modern tastes for its performances have been considerably shortened of recent years and old-timers lament that the public no longer listens with the respectful attention and reverence of the past.

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SHOULD WE HAVE A DICTIONARY OF GESTURES?¹

by F. C. Hayes

The total number of all the gestures of mankind is very large. If you catalog all of them, those of the deaf and dumb, of the North American Indians, of football referees, cheer-leaders, acrobats, workers in radio stations, mechanics in noisy shops, engineers in movie studios, boxers, baseball catchers, band and orchestra leaders, sailors, brakemen, train conductors, firemen, tobacco auctioneers and tobacco buyers, and actors; and if you add to all these more or less "technical" gestures the Nazi and Communist salutes, the magic gestures of Harlem soothsayers, of Southern conjure women, of African medicine men, and gestures which communicate abhorrence, anger, affirmation, negation, fear, disapproval, mockery, obscenity, friendship, scorn, snobbery, shame, superstition, etc., etc., and then include the purely "autistic" or nervous gestures of body movements such as "doodling" or swinging a watch chain—add up all of these and you have thousands and thousands of gestures, every one of which may possibly have a conscious or a subconscious motive.²

Human gesticulation has been the object of study and comment from ancient times,³ but since the 1880's interest in it has been multiplied many times. Garrick Mallery, with his *Sign Language Among North American Indians* (1881), appears to have stirred up enthusiasm for the study of gestures, for since the publication of his work ethnographers, sociologists, psychiatrists, psychologists, anthropologists, art students, drama students, and to some extent linguists, have dedicated time and thought to them.⁴

What have been some of the objectives? The psychologist wants to know specifically what nervous and autistic gestures mean. What precipitates our waving the hands so much in conversation, clearing

¹ This paper was originally read before the Philological Club of the University of North Carolina.

² M. H. Krout, in "Autistic Gestures", *Psychological Monographs*, XLVI, No. 4 (1935), suggests the possibilities of a meaning behind every gesture of every type.

³ For a history of the study of gestures, see Garrick Mallery, *Sign Language Among the North American Indians*, Washington, 1881. See also Wm. Tomkins, *The Universal Indian Sign Language*, San Diego, Calif., 1929.

⁴ See I. L. Gondal, *Parlons ainsi: de la Voix et du Geste*, Paris, 1912, p. 407-419; J. d'Udine, *L'Art et le Geste*, Paris, 1910; C. Hacks, *Le Geste*, Paris, 1909; N. Vaschide, *Essai sur La Psychologie de la Main*, Paris, 1909; Giuseppe Cocchiara, *Il linguaggio del Gesto*, Torino, 1932; Jacques van Ginneken, *Principes de Linguistique psychologique, Essai de Synthèse*, Paris, 1907, p. 11, 530-531; F. Strowski, *Le théâtre et nous*, Paris, 1934, chap. IV; and M. F. Heiler, *La Prière*, French translation from the German, Paris, 1931.

the throat, forcing coughing?—They are present where there seems to be no specific or understandable stimulation which would throw light on their appearance. They challenge the attention of the student of human behaviour. Are they non-conscious? Are the stimuli possible of determination through controlled experiments? Through a study of day-dream material, conversational situations, etc.? What is the consistence of their occurrence? By experiments some of these questions have been answered in part. Autistic gestures are evidently largely conscious, and yet may be reproduced, though they require for their reproduction a state of hypnotism, or a trance. Probably no gesture is ever accidental.⁵

So much for the psychologist's viewpoint. Others are of equal interest. A nationally known illustrator, when I asked him the part gesture played in modern illustration in America, replied emphatically, "Everything!" In painting and sculpture, many things escape the eye of the observer who is not aware of the numerous gestural meanings current in the artist's lifetime.⁶ In the strange American institution, the funny paper, the technique of the best and the worst cartoonists requires gestures; the gross gesticulative exaggeration is the heart and soul of the humor.

Our modern advertisers are as fully dependent on gesticulation as our cartoonists and illustrators. Occasionally they picture innocent American gestures which turn out to be obscene in foreign countries, especially in Hispanic America. I have been told that one of the early Walt Disney films had to be revised because of a gesture which in the United States was innocent, but in Cuba coarse and offensive.⁷

⁵ M. H. Krout, *op. cit.*

⁶ See, for example, Bartolomeo de Giovanni, "The Death of St. Jerome" (Acquavella Galleries); the "Disputa di S. Caterina", by Bernardino di Betto, 'il Pinturicchio', 1454-1513. St. Catherine uses manual gestures in her *disputa*; this is almost the chief point of interest. The manual gesture in the many *pietas* is of incalculable importance.

Andrea de Jorio, in *La Mimica degli Antichi investigata nel Gestire Napoletano*, Naples, 1832, says that the general system of gesture once prevailing in ancient Italy is substantially the same as now observed, and that an understanding of the existing language of gesture in Italy is an aid in the interpretation of the gestures on Greek vases and reliefs and sculpture.

⁷ I have a large collection of American, and some Hispanic American, advertisements. Most of the subjects pictured register joy, if not ecstasy, with the face, hands, and body, because they use the particular product advertised; or else they make gestures of pain and despair because of failure to purchase the product advertised.

One large ale company (Ballantine's) has spent many thousand dollars on an advertising campaign to stimulate artificially the use of a well-known foreign gesture to mean, "Bring me a bottle of Ballantine's Ale". The gesture is made by putting the tops of the thumb and index of the right hand together and forming a small circle, while the other fingers are spread out fanwise. The hand is then held up front of the head.

In sociology, suppose the researcher's problem is to throw light on the curious mass appeal of the Fascist and Communist salutes. How did it come about, to cite a case, that in the frenzied Spain of 1936, when two men met, if one threw up a stiff arm, palm forward, while the other thrust up a bent arm with clinched fist, each immediately attempted to get at the other's throat without further investigation? (There were many actual cases. My information came from a group of Spanish refugees whom I met crossing the Atlantic, fleeing to Mexico.) Some light is thrown on the whole problem by investigating the similar use of gestures by other nations. The salutes that immediately come to mind are those of the North American Indians. *Hundreds of savage nations had their tribal sign.*⁸ When two savages met as strangers, they acted like the Spaniard of 1936. The sign displayed might have meant help and sympathy or a fight to death.⁹ The dictators who succeed in having tribal signs adopted in civilized Europe evidently owe their success to latent atavistic elements within their subjects.¹⁰

Mallery and Tomkins established definitely that among the Sioux Indians gesture language and picture writing existed side by side, and that there was a close correspondence between the two.¹¹ Would not a study of the contemporary Aztec gestures help to find the eagerly sought key to the meaning of the undeciphered picture-writing of these people? In some cases the Sioux Indian picture-graphs do not reproduce the being represented at all, but the *manual gesture* which designated this being.

In Egyptian hieroglyphics there are many gesticulating figures, for example, a man putting his clustered finger tips to his lips meaning "to eat, eating, let's eat," a gesture still used in Southern Europe and Hispanic America exactly as pictured in the hieroglyphics!

It is in Chinese, however, that the completest study of the whole matter has been made. Tchang Tcheng-Ming, in *L'Écriture chinoise et le Geste humain*, Paris, 1937, found intimate relationships between

⁸ Garrick Mallery, *Sign Language of the North American Indians*, p. 458 ff.

⁹ So far as I know, the Indians never abused their salutes by using them all hours of the day as a gestural way of saying, "How do you do?", etc., like the Nazis.

¹⁰ The World War brought out such mass frenzy in America that I well remember how unpleasant, if not unsafe, it was not to stand up anywhere within earshot of the playing of *God Save the King*, *The Marseillaise*, or the *Star Spangled Banner*.

¹¹ See Tomkins, *Universal Indian Sign Language*, p. 86, et sq. It is curious that there are resemblances between Old Chinese and the picture-writing of several tribes of North American Indians. (Tchang Tcheng-Ming, *L'Écriture chinoise et le geste humain*.)

Chinese gestures and Chinese writing. Hundreds of characters contain the symbol for hand, eyes, body, feet, and face, caught in the act of gestural communication. Tchang calls these characters *gestes figés* (frozen gestures). Combinations of Chinese symbols correspond to the parent combinations of gestures. Deficiencies of many symbols correspond to similar deficiencies of the parent gestures which, by their nature, failed to express motive and meaning effectively. In Chinese, when you etymologize, your etymon frequently turns out to be a gesture! Examples:

Counting: $\underline{1}$ $\underline{2}$ $\underline{3}$ $\underline{4}$ Each line stands for a finger. The

sign Π ¹² meant 6; to this day the gesture in China for 6 is the upheld hand with thumb and little finger erect, the other fingers folded in.

The word for 'I' or 'one's self' is in old Chinese *tseu*, 'nose'. In China when one designated himself, instead of pointing to his chest, as we do in the occident, he puts his finger on the side of his nose.

In praying, or in sitting down on haunches or kneeling for religious ritual, the Chinese always faced South. And so the Chinese symbol for *north* is the character representing a man's back.

The word for *friend* is the symbol for two hands: $\Upsilon \Upsilon$.¹³

In English the idiom, or the traditional phrase, is the one element of our language which most closely corresponds to Chinese symbols (by way of gestural origin). When we say "keep your shirt on",¹⁴ our metaphorical meaning, like the extended meaning of Chinese characters, is the heart and soul of the phrase. Here we have a strange parallel with Chinese in that we can safely say that one of the great sources of idiom is nothing less than the gesticulating body itself. Whole constellations of phrases and figures of speech have clustered about practically every part of the body, the head and its features, the arms and hands and fingers, the legs and feet and toes, the heart, the bones, the blood and breath within the body; all are put to vivid expressive use. It is entirely possible that language itself had its origin, not in perception, not in the communication of intellectual

¹² In lieu of the Chinese symbol, indicated here by the Greek Pi.

¹³ In lieu of the Chinese symbols, indicated here by the Greek Upsilon.

¹⁴ I have a clipping of a cartoon which pictures war clouds in Europe with Uncle Sam standing on the North American continent in his shirt sleeves, emptying a bottle of glue down his back. The picture has no caption and needs none. It describes clearly the mental state of the country before Hitler's *Blitzkrieg* began; and it is almost a case of the Chinese method of symbol writing brought to English-speaking America.

concepts, but in action and in the sounds which accompanied action, both intended to stimulate social activity in human beings engaged together in common tasks. We cannot definitely say whether this be true of the origin of speech, but it certainly is true of idiom, and idiom has many of the picturesque characteristics of primitive speech.¹⁵ The following idioms seem to bear this out:

to turn up one's nose

to put on airs

to hold one's head high

to tear one's hair

to pull a long face

to make faces at

to prick up one's ears

to keep a stiff upper lip

to bare one's teeth

to keep one's fingers crossed

to wash one's hands of (as Pilate)

to hold one's ha' penny (*cf. Die Faust in der Tasche ballen*) = "to restrain one's self"

to grasp at the wind (Solomon)

hand in hand

to pull for someone (as at a football game)

to look sheepish

{ the long and the short of it
it's just as broad as it is long
in the broad or in the long¹⁶

on the one hand . . . on the other¹⁷

¹⁵ See Logan P. Smith, *Words and Idioms*. London, 2nd edition, 1925, especially p. 249 ff., and appendix, p. 279-292.

¹⁶ These three idioms are in the NED without explanation. I suggest the manual gesture as the origin.

¹⁷ This phrase is not necessarily 'self-explanatory', as can be seen when viewed from the Spaniard's viewpoint, for he says '*de un lado . . . de otro.*'

There are, of course, hundreds of meanings of words of gesture origin:¹⁸

highbrow

browbeater

glad (from Anglo-Saxon *glaed*, 'bright, shining'; is this not from the *bright* facial gesture of what we today call 'gladness'. *NED* does not explain)

faceless (obs. 'without spirit')

underhand (*cf.* the Spanish, *bajo mano*, meaning same)

bootlicker

that hang-dog look

Judas' kiss

Neither the *New Oxford English Dictionary* nor other great dictionaries consider these phrases from the point of view of human gesticulation. Consequently, many of them go unexplained. I have a list of over 200 such phrases and words such as these which seem to have grown out of gestures. I know there are many more. Why should they be recorded unexplained?¹⁹

Since 1930 it has been the conviction of several notable scholars, especially in France and Germany, that philologists with few exceptions have studied the problems of language with too much stress on the oral to the exclusion of almost everything else, and particularly *meaning*.²⁰ *Language*, as the word itself implies, particularly reading linguists, has been too closely identified with the tongue: French *langue*, Spanish *lengua*, Italian *lingua*, etc. It would seem to be high

¹⁸ In any French dictionary will be found many meanings under the headings of *bouche*, *main*, *bras*, *cœur*, *coude*, *doigt*, *dent*, *dos*, *jambe*, *nez*, etc. For the Spanish language, see Ramón Caballero, *Diccionario de modismos*, which contains nearly 300 phrases in which the hand alone figures.

¹⁹ Everyone who has worked in lexicography goes to Richard Huloet's *Abecedarium* (1552), or Randle Cotgrave's *A Bundle of Words* (1611), or Covarrubias, *Tesoro de la lengua* (1611), or Samuel Johnson, the Englishman or the American, with joy and profit, particularly when he meets with an accurately curious and complete etymology. The lexicographer of 2040 will rely as heavily on our dictionaries.

²⁰ L. Baray and P. Chaslin, *Le Langage*, in *Traité de Psychologie*, edited by G. Dumas, Paris, 1922, I, pp. 733-767. A. Ombredane, *Le Langage, gesticulation significative mimique et conventionnelle*, in Dumas, *op. cit.*, 1933, III.

The reason for this change of point of view is that a new method has appeared, the anthropology of language, which studies gestures and their meaning to the *anthropos*. See M. Jousse, *Études de Psychologie linguistique*, Paris, 1925; *Méthodologie de la Psychologie du geste*, in *Revue des Cours et Conférences*, 1931, May 15, pp. 201-218; *Le Mimisme humain et l'Anthropologie du Langage*, in *Revue Anthropologique*, 1936, July-Sept., pp. 201-215.

time to take into account that man has always communicated with his whole body, and that consequently there are several languages—the olfactory, the tactile, the visual—and that among these the language of gesture holds a front seat.

To date, I have collected about five hundred of what I have classified as “folk gestures”. It should be possible to find at least one thousand more of this type alone.

For a general classification of all gestures of mankind, I suggest the following:

- a. *Folk gestures*: nodding the head, shaking hands in greeting, shaking fist in defiance, pouting, biting the lips in vexation, lifting the eyebrows, etc.
- b. *Technical gestures*: the sign language of the North American Indian, or that of the deaf and dumb; semaphor signaling, umpire signaling, etc.
- c. *Autistic (or nervous) gestures*: “doodling”, opening and closing objects carried in the hand, swinging watch chain, etc.

There are several large collections of group *b*, at least one of *c*, and a few small collections of *a*, several of which I have already included in my own files.

To conclude, it would appear, in the light of what has been said, that a dictionary of gestures would be a welcome volume for artists, cartoonists, philologists, lexicographers, and everyone else interested in communication.

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ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE CAROL OF THE TWELVE NUMBERS

by Donald F. Bond

"The Carol of the Twelve Numbers", to which Miss Yoffie calls attention in this journal,¹ has for a number of years been the object of popular and scholarly inquiry. It is entered in Prof. Stith Thompson's *Motif-Index*,² and Professor Taylor has summarized the known facts regarding its dissemination and origin and has collected a number of references.³ A few additional notes regarding English versions may be of interest to those studying the history of this carol.

In his *Ancient Mysteries Described* (London, 1823), pp. 97-99, the antiquarian William Hone listed eighty-nine "Christmas Carols now annually Printed", one of which (no. 59) reads: "One God there is of Wisdom, glory, might". Many of the titles in Hone's list are no longer to be identified, but in Sandys' collection of carols printed in 1833 there is one which would seem to be Hone's no. 59. It is entitled "Man's Duty; or, meditation for the twelve hours of the day",⁴ and though showing obvious signs of literary refashioning, follows the numerical formula of the Carol of the Twelve Numbers:

One God there is of wisdom, glory, might,
One faith there is to guide our souls aright,
One truth there is for man to practise in,
One baptism to cleanse our souls from sin.

Two Testaments there are, the Old and New,
In which the Law and Gospel thou may'st view;
The one for works and deeds doth precepts give,
The other saith the just by faith shall live.

It continues with "Three persons in the glorious Trinity", the four evangelists, the five senses, six days for labor, seven liberal arts, "Eight persons in the ark of Noah", the nine muses, the Ten Commandments, the eleven faithful disciples, and concludes:

Twelve tribes there were amongst our fathers old,
Twelve articles our Christian faith does hold,
Twelve gates in New Jerusalem there be,
Unto which city Christ bring thee and me.

¹ *SFQ*, IV (1940), 73-75.

² Z21.2.

³ Archer Taylor, "Formelmärchen", in *Handwörterbuch des deutschen Märchens*, II, 171-74 and in *SFQ*, IV (1940), 161.

⁴ William Sandys, *Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern*. . . (London, 1833), pp. 133-35.

Sandys also reproduces (pp. 59-60) an earlier printed version "from Harl. MS. 5937 (one of Bagford's collection), being on a leaf of an old Almanack, the corresponding leaf having the date 1625, black letter" (p. 182). This is entitled "A New Dyall", and begins:

One God, one Baptisme, and one Fayth,
One Truth there is, the Scripture sayth.

Two Testaments (the Old and New)
Wee doe acknowledge to be true,

and continues through the same formula as "Man's Duty", concluding:

Twelue are attending on Gods Sonne,
Twelue make our creede. The Dyall's done.

Count one the first houre of thy Birth,
The houres that follow, leade to Earth:
Count Twelue thy dolefull striking knell,
And then thy Dyall shall goe well.

Sandys' statement as to the antiquity of "A New Dyall" is borne out by the fact that it is to be found in *Good and True, Fresh and New Christmas Carols* (London, 1642), with the title, "A modest Carol for any of the Twelve dayes, or to be sung at any time of the yeere. To the Tune of, *In the merry Maying time.*"⁵

There is, finally, a third version in Sandys (pp. 135-37) which approaches most nearly the phraseology of the Carol of the Twelve Numbers as we know it today. Entitled, "In Those Twelve Days", it begins:

In those twelve days, and in those twelve days,
let us be glad,
For God of his power hath all things made.

What is that which is but one?
What is that which is but one?
We have but one God alone
In Heaven above sits on his throne.

What are they which are but two?
What are they which are but two?
Two Testaments, as we are told,
The one is New and the other Old,

⁵ Sig. B3^v-4^v. I am indebted to Prof. Archer Taylor for a photostat of this rare volume.

and continues through the "Three persons in the Trinity", the "Four Gospels written true", the five senses, the

Six ages this world shall last,
Five of them are gone and past,

the "Seven days in the week", the eight beatitudes, the "Nine degrees of Angels high", the Ten Commandments, the eleven thousand virgins, to

What are they that are but twelve?
What are they that are but twelve?
Twelve Apostles Christ did chuse
To preach the Gospel to the Jews.

This version also appears in the second edition of Davies Gilbert's collection, printed a few years earlier.⁶ Since both Sandys and Gilbert state that their collections have been gathered from specimens recently in vogue there seems to be good evidence for believing that "In Those Twelve Days" provides the original, in England at any rate, of the song which in an increasingly "secular" form became so popular in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

"In Those Twelve Days" is excluded from the predominantly ecclesiastical collections of the mid-nineteenth century, such as Bramley and Stainer,⁷ and is most conveniently accessible today in the *Oxford Book of Carols* (no. 64) or in Sir Richard Terry's *Two Hundred Folk Carols* (no. 20). That it still survives in popular tradition is indicated by a recent Cornish version beginning:

There is but one God all alone,
In Heav'n above He sits on His Throne
In those twelve days,
Let us be glad,
Since God the Father hath all things made.⁸

The story of the evolution of the Carol of the Twelve Numbers in England is yet to be written. This carol, variously entitled "One is one", "The Twelve Apostles", and "The Dilly Song", is printed in *English County Songs* (London, 1893) and in Cecil Sharp's *One Hundred English Folk-Songs* (Boston, 1916), both of which contain historical notes. The connection with the Hebrew Passover hymn

⁶ *Some Ancient Christmas Carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England*. . . (London, 1823), pp. 43-45.

⁷ It is to be found, however, in Joshua Sylvester, *A Garland of Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern* (London, 1861), pp. 136-40, and in William Henry Husk, *Songs of the Nativity* (London, [1868]), pp. 107-11.

⁸ *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, VIII (1929), 117-18.

was pointed out a number of years ago.⁹ Valuable materials for the history of this carol in England are to be found in the columns of *Notes & Queries*: 1st ser., IX (1854), 325; 4th ser., II (1868), 557, 599-600, III (1869), 385-86, X (1872), 412-13, 499-500; 5th ser., XII (1879), 509; 6th ser., I (1880), 481, II (1880), 255, 504 (an analogy in a game of forfeits), XII (1885), 484-85; 7th ser., I (1886), 96, 118-19, 315-16, 413, VII (1889), 264; 11th ser., I (1910), 366-67, IX (1914), 250; 12th ser., X (1922), 272, XII (1923), 452.

⁹ See the communication by S. M. Drach in *Notes & Queries*, 4th ser., II (1868), 600. Andrew Lang brought together a number of versions, including the Hebrew hymn, in a series of articles in *Longman's Magazine*, XIII (1889), 328-30, 439-41, 556-57. Cf. also Prof. Archer Taylor's note in *Modern Philology*, XXXIV (1936), 107.

University of Chicago.

VANCE'S SONG

by Elihu Jasper Sutherland

"Vance's Song" was composed by Abner Vance, who lived on Clinch River in Russell County, Virginia. It is said that he had a daughter who was debauched by Lewis Horton, a wealthy neighbor. Thereafter when Vance and Horton met, a quarrel arose, and Vance shot Horton with a rifle. Horton died a few days later, about September 27, 1817, at the home of William Harden (or Arden).

On October 16, 1817, the Russell County Court was called to examine Abner Vance and Susannah Vance for the murder of Lewis Horton. Both were sent to the Superior Court, and the following witnesses for the Commonwealth were recognized to appear: Daniel Horton, Ezekiel Daniel, Joseph Fuls, William Harden, Catherine Harden, Isaac Harden and William Horton. The Superior Court grand jury for the April, 1818, term indicted Abner Vance for murder, but reported "not a true bill for murder" as to Susannah Vance. Abner Vance was immediately tried and found guilty of murder on April 14, 1818. An appeal was taken to the General Court of Virginia, and a new trial was granted in June, 1818.

At the September, 1818, term of the Russell County Superior Court the defendant was again put to trial, but repeated efforts to get a qualified jury proved futile. The court ordered the venue changed to Washington County, where at the May, 1819, term Vance was again convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Another appeal was attempted, but the General Court refused to grant a writ of error at its June, 1819, term.

W. P. Vance, of Swords Creek, Virginia, a relative of Abner Vance, stated in 1927: "As I have been told by older people, Vance did not kill the Horton he aimed to kill. His mind was to kill Daniel Horton, but Lewis put himself in the way and provoked the old man until he told him to go or he would kill him, and Horton run and crossed Clinch River, a distance of about two hundred yards, and told the old man to shoot and be damned. The old man fired and Horton rolled off his horse in the river at what is now known as Dickenson's Ford, just below Raven, near the Tazewell County line."

Vance was tried and convicted at Abingdon, the county-seat of Washington County, Virginia, and it was there that he was hanged. While in prison awaiting his doom he composed a ballad about his crime. He sang it often through the prison bars. This ballad, now

more than a hundred years old, is well-known in Kentucky, West Virginia, and Virginia, and is the most widely known song of its class in the Ohio Valley.

Two texts of this song are given below, which were found in Southwest Virginia. For other variants and notes see No. 41 in Cox's "Folk-Songs of the South", page 207, and Finger's "Frontier Ballads", page 81.

A

Supplied by John H. Duty, Tiny, Dickenson County, Virginia, February 5, 1931.

- 1 Green are the woods where Sandy ¹ flows,
And peace it dwelleth there.
There the bears they lie secure,
The red bucks they roam everywhere.
But Vance no more shall Sandy behold,
Nor drink of its crystal wave;
The partial judge ² pronounced my doom;
The hunter has found his grave.
- 2 The judge he said he was my friend,
Though Elliott's ³ life he had saved.
A juryman I did become
That Elliott he might live.
'T was by the advice of McFarlane ⁴
Judge Johnston did me call,
And taken me from my native home
And confined me in a stone wall.
- 3 I killed the man I don't deny—
He threatened to kill me.
For this I am condemned to die,
The jury all agree.
But the friendship I have shown to others
Has never been shown to me.
Humanity belongs to the brave,
I hope it remains to me.

¹ Sandy River, the headwaters of which lie in Buchanan, Dickenson, and Wise Counties, Virginia, and formerly in Russell County, Virginia.

² Judge Peter Johnston, father of the Confederate General, Joseph E. Johnston, and Judge of the Superior Court of Russell County.

³ John Elliott, who was convicted in April, 1817, of killing Eli McLoughlin in Russell County. Vance was a juror in this case.

⁴ James McFarlane, a leading citizen of Russell County.

- 4 There's Daniel Horton, Bob and Bill ⁵
 A lie against me swore,
 In order to take my life away
 That I might be no more.
 But I and they together shall meet
 Where all things are best known;
 Perhaps I'll rest in Abraham's breast
 While they roll in the gulf below.
- 5 Farewell, my friends and children dear;
 To you I bid farewell.
 The love I have for your precious souls
 No mortal tongue can tell.
 Farewell, my true and loving wife;
 To you I bid adieu.
 And if I reach fair Caanan's land,
 I hope to meet with you.
- 6 I come, I come, ye angels of light!
 To the worlds of joy I come.
 Celestial Dove, convey me Home
 To the New Jerusalem.

B

Supplied (through Ezekiel Duty) by W. P. Vance, Swords Creek, Virginia,
 a great-grandson of Abner Vance, the author of this song.

- 1 Green grows the woods where Sandy flows,
 And peace dwells in that land.
 The bears there in the laurel lie,
 And the red bucks rove the hills.
 But Vance no more shall Big Sandy behold,
 Nor drink of its crystal waves;
 The partial judge has pronounced his doom;
 The hunter has found his grave.
- 2 The judge he said he was my friend,
 Though Elliott's life he had saved.
 A juryman I did become
 That Elliott he might live.
 But the friendship I have shown to others
 Has never been shown to me;
 That humanity that belongs to the brave
 Does yet belong to me.

⁵ Daniel Horton, Bob Horton, and Bill Horton, relatives of the murdered man, Lewis Horton.

- 3 It was by the help of James McFarlane
Judge Johnston did me call.
They took me from my native home—
Confined me in a stone wall.
My persecutors have gained their request;
Their promise they have made good.
They often swore they never would rest
Till they got my heart's blood.
- 4 There's Daniel Horton, Bob and Bill
A lie against me swore,
In order to take my life away
That I might be no more.
But I and they shall meet again,
When the last trump shall blow.
Perhaps I will be in Abraham's arms
While they roll in the gulf below.
- 5 I killed a man I don't deny—
He threatened to kill me.
For this I am condemned to die,
The jury all agree.
But they and I together must meet
Where all things are well known.
If I have shed innocent blood,
I hope there is mercy shown.
- 6 Bright shines the sun on Clinch's hills,
So soft the west winds blow,
The woods are covered in blossoms gay,
Perfumed with the wild rose.
But Vance no more shall Big Sandy behold,
Or breathe its delightful perfume;
This day in death his eyes shall close,
His body consigned to the tomb.
- 7 Farewell, my friends and children dear;
To you I bid farewell;
The love I have for your precious souls
No mortal tongue can tell.
Farewell, my true and loving wife;
To you I bid adieu;
And if I reach fair Canaan's Land,
I hope to meet with you.
- 8 I come, I come, you angels of light!
To the worlds of joy I come.
Celestial Dove, convey me Home
To the New Jerusalem.

Clintwood, Virginia.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Main Woods Songster. Edited by Phillips Barry. Cambridge, Mass.: The Powell Printing Company. Pp. 102. 1939.

This charming little book is imbued with the personality of the much regretted Phillips Barry. It is recommended to those who hold the quaint belief that writing on American folksong or folklore must, in order to be readable, violate scholarly standards. The last offering its author was able to complete, it is a creditable memento of the model work on Maine folksong begun by Mrs. Fannie H. Eckstrom and Miss Mary W. Smyth in their *Minstrelsy of Maine* and continued by them and Mr. Barry in *British Ballads from Maine*. The organization of the book is simple and effective. A brief foreword gives a picture of the general background and a short commentary on song texts and tunes. All matters of detail pertaining to the history of the songs, the sources, the singers, and comparative remarks, are relegated to "Notes" in the back where they are available to the technical reader. As for any need of "improving" songs for the general reader, Mr. Barry says: "Only when unavoidable, have we combined two or more texts into one, or joined texts with any sets of airs other than those to which, in each case, the singer sang them." "... both singer and scholar ... have the right ... to know the extent and the sources of editorial changes and restorations." There is no reason why procedure of this type could not be generally adopted for popular publications.

The lumbermen's songs are not true work-songs; they were sung while driving or resting. Among them there are some old ballads, many Irish "come-all-ye's," and songs and ballads of woods and river-life. Texts and tunes both come from miscellaneous sources; printed or taken down from oral tradition, notated by ear or from phonograph records. They reflect the catholic taste of the folk singer who does not subject his repertoire to the same scrutiny for "pure tradition" that the folklorist occasionally exercises. The outstanding characteristic of Maine woodsmen's songs is a peculiar and somewhat free rhythmic recitation, called "melodic declamation" by Mr. Barry, and termed "rubatoparlando" by Bela Bartok in discussing the folk music of Eastern Europe. Some of the melodies were recorded from singers whose rendition still preserved this traditional manner of singing, and the musical notations attempt to depict this technic for the reader.

Old photographs and cuts add to the appeal of this little work which is indebted to Mrs. Fannie H. Eckstrom for collaboration and to Mr. Samuel P. Bayard for transcribing melodies and seeing it through the press. It reminds the students of folksong how much they owe to its author.

George Herzog

Columbia University.

The Old Germanic Principles of Name-Giving. By Henry Bosley Woolf. The Johns Hopkins Press. Pp. xii + 299. 1939.

A small but fascinating part of the whole study of folk-culture is the study of personal names. Because of the wide interest inherent in this study we have many works concerned with English names, but very few indeed that may be called authoritative. Much to be desired is a scholarly account of English names in general, but this must wait until competent scholars have completed smaller surveys of restricted portions of the field.

Dr. Woolf's volume is such a survey. Its scope is "the naming customs of the various Germanic nations during the period of migrations". Since the primary data consist chiefly of the genealogies found in the surviving literary monuments (such as *Widsith*, *Beowulf*, *Ynglingasaga*, Gregory's *History of the Franks*, etc.), the study necessarily focuses attention upon the names of royal families, but not to the exclusion of others of both high and low estate.

Dr. Woolf's analysis of hundreds of Germanic names results in no important new discoveries, but in confirming and supplementing our knowledge of certain naming principles previously pointed out. Alliteration, which Dr. Woolf believes antedates the Germanic stress-shift, is practiced throughout the period among most if not all of the Germanic families. A second naming principle widely used is variation, the practice of forming one name so that it differs from another through the change, addition, or transposition of name themes: *Ælfred* and *Æthelred*, where there is front-variation; *Ædgar* and *Ædmund*, where there is end-variation; *Gode* and *Godgifu*, addition; *Beorhtwulf* and *Wulfbeorht*, transposition. Variation may be older than alliteration. Repetition, which is of course a naming principle actively surviving, is somewhat later, the earliest instances dating from the fourth and fifth centuries, and is not widely used in England until much later. Compound names (consisting of two themes, like *Eadgar*) are the more common, but uncompound names are not infrequent. Second names and nicknames appear sporadically. No genuine surnames are to be found.

A subject so seemingly esoteric might easily have led to a work intelligible only to the specialist. Instead, by the judicious subordination of the more technical details, by the inclusion of ample elementary but necessary introductory material, and by taking more than usual pains with his writing, Dr. Woolf has provided a work which the layman—or at least the non-specialist in Germanics—can readily read and understand. This virtue of simplicity and clarity, however, has not been achieved at the expense of scholarship, for the volume provides abundant evidence of accurate and far-ranging research. It is an excellent contribution to our knowledge.

Norman E. Eliason

University of Florida.

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VOL IV

No. 4

THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

IN COOPERATION WITH

THE SOUTHEASTERN FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Southern Folklore Quarterly

A publication devoted to the historical and descriptive study of folklore and to the discussion of folk material as a living tradition

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The editors are grateful for aid from the Federal Writers Project of the WPA in the publication of this issue.

Published quarterly by the University of Florida in cooperation with the Southeastern Folklore Society. Subscription: \$2.50 per year, 75 cents per copy. Manuscripts and subscriptions should be addressed to The Editor, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida

Indexed in the *International Index to Periodicals*

Claims for missing numbers should be made within thirty days after the month of regular publication. Missing numbers will be supplied only when losses have occurred in transit.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1937, at the Postoffice at Gainesville, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Printed in the United States of America by
Pepper Printing Co., Gainesville, Fla.

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